# The Outlook

VOLUME 92 AUGUST 21, 1909 NUMBER 17

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY. REGULAR WEEKLY NUMBERS FIVE CENTS
MAGAZINE NUMBERS (FOURTH ISSUE OF EACH MONTH) FIFTEEN CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION — FIFTY-TWO ISSUES — THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

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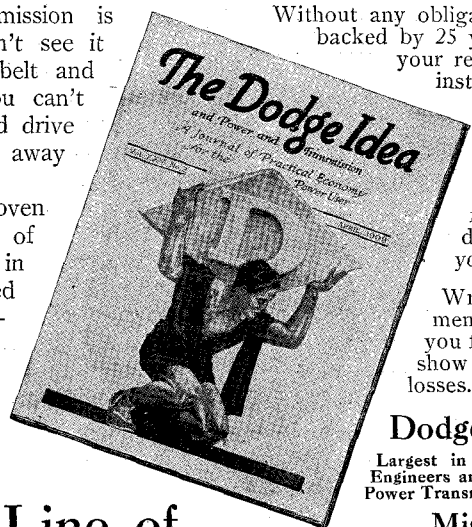


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# The Outlook

AUGUST 21, 1909

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
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THE PROGRAMME OF THE "PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICANS"

Last week Senator Cummins, of Iowa, arrived home from Washington and immediately outlined the tariff policy of the so-called "Progressive Republicans." The "Progressives" comprise primarily the low-tariff Republicans who, in the House and the Senate, voted against the Payne Bill. Allied with them are other Congressmen who, in spite of their dissatisfaction with the measure of reduction afforded by the bill, voted for it. The Progressives proclaim that the fight against unfair tariff rates has only just begun. Senator Cummins has outlined their programme as follows:

1. Placing in control at the head of organized Republicanism men who will stand absolutely by platform pledges.
2. A struggle for this policy at every convention, local, Congressional, or State, between now and 1912, where there are enough Progressive Republicans to make it worth while.
3. No general revision of the tariff for perhaps a decade, but revision from time to time in particular schedules as expert investigation demonstrates to be necessary, and at the same time conforming with the broad principle of protection.
4. Appointment of an expert tariff commission at the earliest practicable moment to furnish this information to Congress.
5. And, particularly, no opposition to President Taft—whom the Progressives believe to have a thoroughly progressive programme in hand for his Administration—at least until the Presidential policy demonstrates the contrary.

The Outlook wishes the Progressives well in their fight for further downward revision. It especially approves their contention that particular schedules should be amended from time to time without waiting for a complete revision of the whole tariff. This means, we trust, the cotton and woolen schedules first of all. As The Outlook said last week, the Payne Law has captured the old iron and steel stronghold, and it is believed that President Taft desires that the wool schedule, "that very citadel of Protection," in the words of Senator Aldrich, shall meet the same fate at no distant date. The wool schedule is unjust alike to the consumer and to a large class of manufacturers. It puts prohibitive duties on their raw material; in consequence, goods are so adulterated and cheapened that clothing and blankets lack warmth and durability. It is not without significance that the Progressive platform leads up to the President as its natural head. In the effort towards fair trade he, too, we believe, has only just begun.

GOOD-BY TO THE OLD RECIPROCITY

Just before the passage of the Payne Law wireless messages were sent to certain incoming vessels urging captains to hasten so as to get their cargoes into port before the lower Dingley rates of duty on wine should give place to the higher Payne rates. But there was no need for the captains to order more coal into their vessels' furnaces. As a matter of fact, the Payne rates on wines from France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and Spain do not become immediately effective. The tariff agreements with those countries remain for a time in force. The other countries with which we enjoy tariff concessions are England, Holland, Portugal, and Bulgaria. Under the Dingley Law two kinds of reciprocal arrangements were authorized—treaties and agreements. Treaties, of course, had to be sanctioned by both President and Senate. In the spirit of President McKinley's last injunction, President Roosevelt and John Hay, his Secretary of State, negotiated a large number of reciprocal treaties. But,



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because of protectionist greed and jealousy of the Executive, every one of those treaties was defeated in the Senate, in some cases on flimsy pretexts. Hence, in the furtherance of reciprocity, there was nothing left but to take what little advantage there might be in the other reciprocity section of the Dingley Law. Fortunately, agreements could be negotiated by the President alone. But so envious had Congress been of Executive authority that it allowed to the President's discretion only a slight reduction, and on an absurdly small number of items. Nevertheless, with the nine countries above mentioned agreements were made. Reciprocal agreements had also been entered into under the McKinley Law of 1890. When, in 1894, the Wilson Law came into effect, these agreements were suddenly abrogated, simply by the repeal of that law, without giving notice to any of the participating powers—rather a rough treatment of friendly nations, one justifying the cynical remarks sometimes heard abroad as to American courtesy in commercial affairs. Now, however, we will mend our manners. Most of the present agreements contain provisions requiring a time-notice to be given before either party may terminate the agreements. When no time-notice is required, as in the arrangements with France, Switzerland, and Bulgaria, the new law provides that the agreements shall terminate six months from April 30 last. On that date our Department of State officially notified the Governments having commercial agreements with us that it was our intention to terminate them. The agreements containing time-notices may, according to the new law, be terminated whenever the President sees fit, provided the agreements do not remain in force longer than the time stipulated in them for the required notice. Accordingly, the agreements with England and Germany will remain in force for six months from the date of the passage of the new law, and the agreements with Italy, Spain, and Portugal for one year from that date. Thus the plan of reciprocity inseparably associated with Mr. McKinley's name ceases, for the time at least, in favor of the maximum and minimum tariff provision recently established by the Payne Law.

**WHAT PEOPLE THINK OF THE PAYNE LAW**

It is interesting to learn how people in different parts of the country regard the Payne Law. First, is it better than its predecessors? Yes, say Republican papers, like the Buffalo Commercial, for example: "The new Tariff Bill, in the making of which the consumer has had a good deal more consideration than usual, is going to prove less objectionable than have its predecessors." It is, says the New York Evening Mail (Rep.), "a real step forward," and, according to the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times (Rep.), it is "a workable measure to which the business of the country will speedily adjust itself." Independent Republican papers, like the Boston Transcript, also take this view: "The law does not mark any such furtherance of the protective idea as did either the McKinley or the Dingley Acts. It marks no such extravagant increases on the fundamentals of life as were scored by the special interests in the preceding bills." But many Democratic papers do not agree that the bill is an improvement over its predecessors. The Knoxville (Tennessee) Sentinel says that President Taft would have been well advised "to throw the whole bill into the waste-basket. Tariff revision by the friends, that is, the beneficiaries, of the tariff has proved the failure that was to be expected. The Dingley rates might as well remain in force until the country makes up its mind it wants a real revision." On the other hand, some Democratic papers, like the Atlanta Constitution, view the law "not as unmitigatedly bad;" indeed, "in certain respects it is an improvement over the Dingley measure." This was at first the view of the New York Times, an Independent Democratic paper. Last March the Payne Bill was "a more reasonable bill than any that has ever arisen with the party of Protection. It is the very opposite of the McKinley Bill and the Dingley Bill, and, so far as can now be judged, is a much better bill than was sent to the Senate in 1883." In August, however, the Payne Law, differing only slightly in its free list and dutiable schedules from the Payne Bill, "is worse than the Dingley Tariff, and imposes many duties higher and more burdensome than those it replaces."

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Secondly, does the Payne Law fulfill the promises of the Republican platform and of the President? Yes, say Republican papers like the New York Tribune, in their statements that the tariff "makes a substantial reduction of rates and redeems the promises of the Republican National platform." No, say Democratic papers, like the Cleveland Plain Dealer, for instance: "There was reason and justice in the expectation that brave campaign promises would be followed by more candid and adequate fulfillment." No, also says such an Independent Democratic paper as the Rochester Herald, which declares: "People will have an ample opportunity to learn how basely they have been deceived." Independent papers, the Milwaukee Journal, for example, declare that "many did expect that the Republican party would in large measure keep its promise to reduce duties so as to provide simply for the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad, and, in addition, for a reasonable profit for the domestic manufacturer; than that this has not been done, nothing is clearer." The Springfield Republican adds: "We may agree that the law effects a great number of real decreases in rates, . . . but when the President says these decrease the amount enough to justify the claim that this bill is a substantial downward revision, truth compels dissent. That would doubtless be true if exception as to spirits, silks, and high-grade cotton were made. Hardly otherwise."

COMMENTS ON SPECIAL FEATURES

As to the dutiable schedules, different communities are the centers of various industries, and hence the comment of newspapers at those centers is notable. At Philadelphia, for instance, the Press (Rep.) remarked that "the wool industries at Philadelphia wanted cheaper raw material and did not get it. . . . Fortunately, the needs of our hosiery mills were considered;" to which the Philadelphia Record (Ind. Dem.) ironically adds: "Announcement is made that the manufacturers of hosiery and knit goods in this neighborhood are planning a great banquet to Senator Penrose in grateful recognition on their behalf for maintaining the high duty on such goods. It is not mentioned, however, that the consumers of these goods are manifesting a large degree of gratitude on this account." Concerning free hides and free oil, the San Francisco Chronicle (Ind.) reflects a widespread opinion in saying that "the loss in the case of oil will fall upon the owners of American oil wells, and in the case of free hides on the farmers and stock-growers." Concerning the relief to the consumer, however, the New York Journal of Commerce (Ind.) points out that "the great packing companies virtually control the market for cattle." One of their products has been hides, and for these they "could exact such prices as a virtual monopoly of domestic supply made possible." Against "the foreign supply the tariff lent its aid." Another native industry supposed by some anxious persons to be adversely affected by the bill is that of tobacco in Connecticut, yet the Hartford Courant (Rep.) declares that "there is more chance of a new market developing in the Philippines for Connecticut tobacco than of any market for Philippine goods that will hurt anybody in this country." The most salient feature of the dutiable schedules is, according to the Omaha Bee (Rep.), that "the rate reductions have been made generally on the necessities and the increases on luxuries." Of the bill's administrative features, the provision for a board of tariff experts has called forth considerable criticism. Adverse criticism is thus expressed by the St. Louis Republic (Dem.): "The authority of the President to use agents to assist him in the application of the maximum and minimum section of the statute will surely give a wide latitude for the acquisition of information. It will give a wider latitude for blackmail and bribery on the part of these same agents in the arbitrary application of the maximum and minimum by executive rescript." The other and more general view is that held by the Brooklyn Standard Union (Rep.): "While Congress has the power to levy taxes, it does not have . . . the ability to make a scientific, intelligent, and equitable code of customs. . . . Therefore the Commission, circumscribed and impoverished as it may be in

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operation, will be a welcome relief in future tariff adjustments." For, as the Rocky Mountain News (Ind.), of Denver, declares, "the American people have never yet been accused of the degree of imbecility which would be required to approve, as a people, a bill written by the experts of the protected interests." Finally, as to the President's part in the new law, even such a Democratic organ as the Charleston (South Carolina) News and Courier concedes that Mr. Taft has been sincere in his good intentions, even though, "except for the concessions and reductions forced by Mr. Taft himself, we do not believe that there is an honest schedule in the entire bill." The Topeka (Kansas) Capital (Rep.) sums up as follows: "That it was not the bill President Taft wanted goes without saying, but it was the best thing he was able to get, and he took the half-loaf in preference to no bread at all." To which the Portland Oregonian (Rep.) adds that the President "not only enforced on an unwilling majority in Congress his specific views as to certain important tariff schedules, but he has confirmed the early popular impression that beneath a benignant exterior there repose a firm will and a stern purpose. . . . The Big Stick is still in business, and it is in capable hands."

FORESTS AND WATER POWERS: OREGON

Last week the National Irrigation Congress was held at Spokane, in the State of Washington. Mr. John H. Lewis, the State Engineer of Oregon, pointed out that his State does not need stringent forestry laws as much as do some others, because vast National forests are located within her borders and stringent regulations are already applied by the Federal Government. Oregon has therefore needed not so much an intelligent State control of forestry as of waters, co-ordinating their various uses for domestic purposes, for irrigation and navigation, for hydraulic and electric power. Complete State control was provided by an act of the Legislature last February. By a special act, which took effect in May, provision is made for a forty-year limitation of water power franchises and for an annual payment to the State of charges ranging from twenty-five cents to two dollars per horse-power. A Board of Control, composed of the State Engineer and the Division Superintendent of each of the divisions of the State, will determine all rights and regulations. A water right certificate is then issued—the foundation of the title to the use of water, just as a patent from the United States is the basis of land titles. These excellent features were explained by Mr. Lewis, to whom much of the success of the plan is due. So far, so good. We need State control of water power sites. But streams do not follow political lines. Many of our rivers are inter State. Hence no one State's control will be sufficient even to control its own waters. The next step is to secure uniformity in the laws of the different States. The Oregon Legislature's laws might be taken as examples in other States. But conditions are different in different States. Even if they were alike, it would be doubtful, in our opinion, whether uniformity of State legislation could be secured in this domain more than in any other. Hence the conservation and wise use of water resources will, we believe, never be accomplished until the whole country submits to a Federal administrative system. Some kind of Federal commission must be created with power to determine, enforce, and protect inter-State rights. For instance, it ought to be possible either for the Government's Reclamation Service or for private capital to store the flood waters in Colorado for use in California at the mouth of the Colorado River. Surely there can be no co-ordination of all the advantages of water on inter-State streams until intelligent Federal supervision is provided.

MR. PINCHOT AND THE FEDERAL WATER POWERS

Federal control of water power sites was the text of the address of the Hon. Gifford Pinchot, Chief Forester of the United States Forest Service, before the Irrigation Congress. While the policy of National irrigation is of value in many ways, the greatest of all values, as Mr. Pinchot said, is that it multiplies the number of men who own the land from which they make their living. "The nation that will lead the world will be a nation of

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homes. The object of the great conservation movement is just this, to make our country a permanent and prosperous home for ourselves and for our children." With characteristic modesty, Mr. Pinchot did not say that he himself had inspired the whole conservation policy, but declared that "the prosperity of this country, as a Nation of homes, depends on equality of opportunity, a square deal for every man, and the protection of the citizen against the great concentrations of capital." In this "there could be no better illustration of the eager, rapid, unwearied absorption by capital of the rights which belong to all the people than the Water Power Trust, not yet formed, but in rapid process of formation." As The Outlook has repeatedly pointed out, not only our forest reserves and public domain but our navigable streams are the province of the Federal Government, as distinguished from a State Government's control of non-navigable streams. The navigable value of our streams has become of slight importance compared with their value as transmitters of motive power, hydraulic and now especially electric, thus economizing our failing coal supply. This value, on these or other streams, is, we submit, a natural resource rather than the creation of those who build dams and turn them to account. This was emphasized by ex-President Roosevelt last winter when he vetoed the James River Dam Bill, perhaps the most important veto of his administration. For if the Federal Government gives a franchise for the use of this great natural resource, the Government should derive a just benefit. But, as a matter of fact, the Government is losing not only the benefit, but the very sources of benefit. It has not been alive enough to the necessity of preserving water power sites. During the last few years they have been fast passing into private ownership, and, in far too many cases, into the control of great corporations. Abundant capital enables these corporations to procure title almost as soon as it passes to private hands. While it is natural that electric companies should wish to possess valuable water sites everywhere, the result, as Mr. Pinchot fears, may be monopoly of a sweeping nature, for whoever dominates water power may dominate all industry. Mr. Pinchot believes that these companies already form a Trust, but, as he admitted, his is not an unchallenged statement. Whether this is true or not, National action should be the same. As Mr. Roosevelt recommended, public lands on which are water power sites should be withdrawn from entry; for every site on stream or river only a limited franchise should be granted; some official should be empowered to annul the franchises if work be not carried out according to authority given; and, finally, a license fee should be imposed, small at the outset, but adjusted so as to secure future control in the interest of the public. For this and all the Roosevelt policies are, as Mr. Pinchot proclaimed, created for the plain American citizen. "As a Nation we are fortunate at this time," he added, "in this fact, above all others, that the great man who gave his name to these policies has, as his successor, another great President whose administration is most solemnly pledged to their support."

TO STUDY EUROPEAN WATERWAYS

A Congressional Commission sailed from New York last week to make a two months' thorough study of transit conditions on the rivers and canals of Europe. The Commission is headed by Senator Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, who, for many years previous to his recent election to the Senate, was the Chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee of the House. The personnel of the Commission includes five other Senators, six Representatives, Colonel W. H. Bixby, of the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army, Professor Emory R. Johnson, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, the Commissioner of Corporations. The body is to study at first hand water transportation on the Elbe, Moldau, Danube, Rhine, and Thames Rivers, the waterways, natural and artificial, of Holland, Belgium, and France, the harbors of London and Liverpool, and the Manchester Ship Canal. It will investigate such subjects as the relation of waterways to the railways, lock and dam systems, and methods of propulsion. Its members will also confer with the leading European authorities on water-borne traffic. This expedition of

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investigation has been characterized by the usual newspaper cynics by the time-dishonored title of "junket," or the more modern epithet of "joy ride." But in view of the personality of the head of the Commission, to say nothing of the character of its other members, these reflections throw a more lurid light on the mental processes of their makers than upon the purpose of the Commission's trip. Mr. Burton has for years been the chief bulwark against the inveterate assaults upon the Treasury for promiscuous and ill-considered expenditures for waterway development. The Rivers and Harbors Bill has always been known as the Congressional "pork-barrel," and the dipping into it of the individual member for favors for his home district has made river and harbor development, even more notoriously than the tariff, a "local issue." Mr. Burton has been the principal obstacle in the way of the realization of this ideal of that type of Congressman who believes that his paramount duty is to extract the most and the biggest "plums" for his constituents and his district. The trip of this Commission is a first step away from the "pork-barrel" method of waterway development toward the intelligent, comprehensive, and scientific methods which are in use in most other civilized countries. Waterway development should cease to be a local question; it should become a National problem and a National responsibility.

THE NEED OF A NATIONAL WATERWAY POLICY

The need for a new National waterway policy is emphasized in a report prepared by Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Corporations, on "Transportation by Water in the United States." The full report is to consist of four parts; two of these parts have just been published. Mr. Smith reports that there are over 290 streams in the country used to a substantial degree for navigation, with an approximate navigable length of 26,400 miles, *but with very little direct connection with each other*, except in the Mississippi system. About 4,500 miles of canals have been constructed, but *more than one-half have been abandoned*—2,444 miles, costing over $80,000,000. The phrases which we have italicized point out the directions in which our waterway development is seriously lacking. "Transportation by water," says Mr. Smith, "now suffers from one far-reaching disadvantage which we can largely remedy, namely, the lack of organization of our waterway system as a whole. At present we can hardly be said to have a general waterway system." Our great total mileage of waterways is split up by certain physical characteristics into a number of largely unrelated parts. Different river and canal systems are unconnected, are developed to widely varying depths, and are traversed in many cases by different types of boats entirely unsuited for interchangeable use. In the three transportation methods in this country the changes in the seven years from 1899 to 1906 show an enormous increase in the rail traffic, a great increase in the deep-water—the Great Lakes and coastwise—traffic, and a decrease in the traffic on the Mississippi River system and the inland canals, which practically represent the third method—shallow-water traffic. New York State furnishes an interesting example of this fact. Up to 1855 traffic on the New York canals was more than twice that of the railways crossing the State; in 1872 it was one-third of the railway traffic; now it is less than three per cent of it. Our inland waterway systems are not advancing either in development or in use. But there is every reason why they should. This country produces an overwhelming amount of products which are transported in bulk—coal, ore, wheat, corn, oil. And bulk freights are just the freights for which water transportation is pre-eminently adapted. Neither swiftness nor especial care is usually required in their carriage and handling, and their points of delivery are usually more concentrated. Our railways already have more traffic than they can handle, and it is the experience of foreign countries that water transportation, by relieving them from the bulk freights, helps their business rather than injures it. The United States needs its waterways developed. To that end it needs a comprehensive, coherent, scientific plan which shall take account of National needs and National interests. The first step toward such a plan is to gather the results of the

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best experience of those countries which have already adopted and to a large extent carried out similar plans. This is the work which the Burton Commission has gone forth to do.

THE GOVERNMENT'S STATISTICAL CLEARING-HOUSE

One of the largest tasks which the President will have this summer is to select the three hundred and thirty supervisors to take the Thirteenth Census of the United States. Exclusive of Alaska and Hawaii, the United States is divided into three hundred and thirty supervisors' districts. The boundaries of each of these districts have been made to conform, as far as possible, to a Congressional district. In a very few States and in some cities, however, the work can really be better done by placing the whole State or city under one supervisor. In the number of districts Pennsylvania ranks first, having twenty-three. New York ranks second, with twenty. Each supervisor appoints his enumerators, and the Director of the Census at Washington appoints his army of clerks. The new Director, Mr. Edward Dana Durand, is well fitted for the place. He has been Assistant Professor of Administration and Finance at Stanford University and Instructor in Economics at Harvard, Secretary of the United States Industrial Commission, special Expert Agent of the United States Census Office on street railways and electric light plants, and Deputy Commissioner of Corporations. The new Assistant Director of the Census, Mr. William Franklin Willoughby, has also had a similar remarkable training. He has been a lecturer on economics at Johns Hopkins and Harvard, an expert in the Department of Commerce and Labor, a special agent at the latest Paris Exposition, and for the past eight years Treasurer of Porto Rico and President of the Executive Council of its Legislative Assembly. On his departure from Porto Rico, El Tiempo, one of the leading papers, uttered a notable eulogy on Mr. Willoughby, whose service in the island has smoothed the path for the Federal and the insular Governments alike. In such hands the efficiency of the census-taking, we believe, may be discounted in advance. In addition, the work will be conducted, not as a practically independent bureau, but in close relationship to the Department of Commerce and Labor, thus strengthening that Department as it has not yet been strengthened. The work of the Bureau in this direction is by no means limited to "counting heads." To be convinced of the contrary, one has but to glance at the portly and valuable volumes issued by the Bureau since the taking of the Twelfth Census a decade ago, reporting, summarizing, and interpreting detailed statistics relative to mortality, marriage and divorce, the number of women at work, wealth, debt and taxation, agriculture, industries and manufactures, transportation by land and by water, and electric lighting. Properly to report on these and other subjects the Census Bureau has become permanent and continuing and no longer intermittent, to be assembled with the beginning and scattered at the end of each decennial enumeration. Indeed, as Dr. North, the late Director, says, the work of the intercensal period has fully equaled in importance and value that accomplished during the decennial period proper. The Census Bureau has thus really become the Government's statistical clearing-house.

THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE MINT

In the appointment of Mr. Andrew Piatt Andrew as Director of the Mint President Taft has emphasized his desire to place in every possible position a counselor as well as an administrator. Most people suppose that the Director of the mints and assay offices of the United States occupies a position similar to the director of a factory; that he is, like the king in the nursery rhyme, principally engaged in "counting out his money." As a matter of fact, however, the Director of the Mint has an influence quite apart from his actual work in being the administrator of the Nation's coinage. He has an influence perhaps second to that of no other functionary in the National study of the question of money. The reports of the Director are regarded by students of finance as so much raw material from which they may gain invaluable suggestion, and that particular student of finance who happens to be Secretary of the Treasury relies upon the Director of

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the Mint for exactness of information concerning not only home but also foreign finance. The Secretary will now be more than ever in need of counselors because of the increased power given to him by the new tariff law. Most Directors of the Mint have been so-called men of affairs. Not so Mr. Andrew. He has been an Assistant Professor of Economics at Harvard, where he devoted himself in particular to the study of monetary and banking subjects. On these he has become a recognized authority. He accepted a position as expert adviser to the Aldrich Currency Commission, appointed a year ago by Congress, and obtained temporary leave of absence from his professorship to engage in this task. When the commissioners went abroad last year to investigate the financial systems of Europe, Mr. Andrew proved a particularly serviceable coadjutor. He will bring the same service to the Treasury Department, certainly if his published criticisms and opinions form a forecast of the future.

HOW THE REFERENDUM WORKS

For the second time Portland, Oregon, has given the initiative and the referendum a hard trial. In the opinion of thoughtful observers, altogether too many questions were submitted to the people at the recent election. The ballot was 16 inches by 22 inches, and contained thirty-five separate questions and the names of candidates for six offices. The people were warned a year ago against the misuse of the system, but, as one commentator declared, "like the bicycle and automobile crazes in their day, the tendency to run too fast at first seems almost irresistible." Nevertheless the election seems to have been conducted with intelligence. There was a large amount of advance information and advice sent out in circulars and pamphlets and in a carefully prepared report from the Taxpayers' League. The election was quiet, without the slightest suspicion of improper voting. The progressives identified with the Taxpayers' League express themselves as being, on the whole, exceedingly well satisfied with the result. In one or two minor issues the recommendations of the League were overruled. The commission form of government was rejected, although there was more division of opinion on the part of independents on this point than on any other. The Taxpayers' League, however, declared against it. Of the thirty-five questions submitted, twelve were accepted and twenty-three rejected. Among the questions on which affirmative majorities were recorded were propositions to require holders of franchises to file quarterly reports, for a woman's auxiliary to the Police Department, and to place the burden of proof on all discharged Civil Service employees. Among those which received negative majorities were a vehicle tax ordinance and propositions to prohibit the use of patented articles or processes in street improvement, for the payment for water mains by benefited properties, and for the Des Moines plan of city charter. The vote for mayor was 18,000; and on the questions of the referendum it averaged 15,000—a rather large proportion. Former United States Senator Joseph Simon, the Republican candidate, was elected Mayor, but, as Thomas N. Strong, a vice-president of the National Municipal League, has declared in the Oregon Citizen, "Every substantial reform will abide, and neither Mr. Simon nor any one else will ever be able to restore the old evil conditions, nor will Mr. Simon nor any intelligent person desire to do so. It wouldn't pay; and in the last analysis corruption prevailed because it paid, and reform will now prevail because it will pay."

THE CRETAN EMBROILMENT

Last week Greece and Turkey came as near to war over the island of Crete as they dared, and then, under compulsion from the Powers, backed off "making faces at each other," as the children would say. Crete is about a hundred and sixty miles long and thirty broad, inhabited by three hundred thousand Greeks, four-fifths being Christians. The island has always been associated with Greek history and mythology. Its splendid peak of Mount Ida was Jupiter's seat. At Minos's capital Dædalus lived and contrived for Minos the famous labyrinth where the Minotaur was confined. At Cretan Pergamus is the traditional

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grave of Lycurgus. In classic days Crete was part of Greece, the Cretan people were part of the Greek people. "Nor have the moral and human ties between them ever been either broken or relaxed," as Gladstone said twelve years ago in his plea for Crete. The plea had its effect, and Gladstone's plan of international control was successfully carried out by the four Powers principally interested, England, France, Italy, and Russia. In 1898 they intervened, and have since managed affairs on the island so as to keep the peace. The Sultan's authority was recognized, but no tribute was paid to him. On the other hand, any formal Cretan attempt at union with Greece was discouraged. Informal and popular expressions of opinion, however, were not prevented. These have now borne their natural fruit in an island not only Greek on geographical, racial, linguistic, historic, religious, and sentimental grounds, but one where the official language is Greek, where the Greek legal code has been in use in the insular courts, and where for eight years the High Commissioner of the Powers was a son of the King of Greece. Yet Prince George acted with impartiality and fidelity toward the Powers, and hence they were willing to select as his successor another Greek, Alexander Zaimis, a former Greek Premier. Moreover, with this succession the Powers allowed the King of Greece the privilege of nominating High Commissioners. The Powers had slowly withdrawn the international police and replaced it by Cretans under Italian officers, and three years ago they allowed these officers to be supplanted by Greek officers. Last October, following the decision of the Powers gradually to withdraw their own troops from the island, the Cretans declared that they were a part of the Kingdom of Greece, compelled local officials to take the oath to the King, and began to administer justice on the island in his name, sending contested cases to the courts at Athens, and, a fortnight ago, raised the Greek flag over all public edifices on the island. This roused the already greatly irritated Turkish Government to sharp protest. It was no longer the brutal autocracy of other years, but the enlightened and constitutional Government of a modern Turkey in which there are professedly no distinctions of race or creed, a Government acclaimed by the Powers. To them it appealed. Since the establishment of the Constitution in Turkey three important provinces have been lost. If Crete should be taken also, reactionaries would raise the cry that the Constitutional system meant only Turkey's dismemberment, would organize an insurrection, and restore the autocracy. On the other hand, Greece is in no humor for another war with Turkey. Only one way out remained if peace were to be preserved: the Powers should not leave Crete, but continue their rule a little longer. It is only a question of time when Crete shall become fully Greek, a liberal payment of money being secured from Greece. It would be a pity to precipitate an avoidable war, however, which might result in a European conflagration.

LEIPSIC UNIVERSITY FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD

The recent celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University of Leipsic interests Americans for two special reasons. The first is because in the eighties and nineties Leipsic was the German university most attractive to American students. Previous to that time Göttingen had been the most attractive, and subsequent to that time Berlin has been. The second reason why the celebration interests Americans particularly is because an honorary degree was conferred, in his absence, on ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, who was characterized in these words: "Ready for war, courageous, and yet a promoter of peace; a man endowed with all statesmanlike qualities; an honor to the civic crown; one with ever-ready sympathy with and understanding of the German spirit: the ex-President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt." The news was telegraphed to him in Africa, and brought an appreciative telegram in return. Honorary degrees were conferred on four other distinguished Americans: Professor Wilson, the biologist, and Professor Burgess, the publicist, of Columbia; Professor Michelson, the physicist, of Chicago; and Professor Loeb, the physiologist, of the University of California. It seems significant that three of these five degrees

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were given for attainments in the natural and physical sciences. In the number of honors bestowed upon any foreign country by the University of Leipsic Austria was at the head with seven degrees, the United States coming next. Among the addresses at the various functions during the celebration, perhaps the most remarkable was that of the famous Leipsic professor, Dr. Wundt, on the idea of a university. It was a noble survey of past scholastic conditions and a call to yet further advancement in educational capacity for the service of men. A notable part of the celebration was devoted to the presentation of addresses of congratulation and of gratitude, in both oral and written form, from the universities of the world. Universities as remote as those of Argentina, Australia, India, China, and Japan were represented. Professor Mahaffy, of Dublin, the distinguished humanist, spoke for the institutions of England and her colonies. President Schurman, of Cornell, spoke for the American universities, and fittingly acknowledged the debt which they owed to Leipsic. Professor Williston Walker, of Yale, presented the greetings of the more than three hundred Americans who have received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Leipsic. Among the American institutions formally or informally represented were Harvard, Yale, Bowdoin, Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Western Reserve, Chicago, Olivet, Iowa, Minnesota, Stanford, and California. The celebration at Leipsic stands in contrast with the battle fought a hundred years ago within a few miles of the University building. Like the recent similar jubilee of the University of Geneva, the Leipsic celebration unites humanity and projects into it those historical and personal forces which help the world quite as much as do the deliberations of cabinets or the votes of parliaments.

YA-LI

Five years ago the Rev. Brownell Gage, of the Yale class of 1898, and his wife, a fully qualified physician, arrived at Changsha, a city as large as Newark, New Jersey, capital of Hunnan, a province of Central China. They were soon joined by other recent graduates of Yale, and in 1906 opened a college, for whose name they selected the Chinese characters Ya-Li as the homonym of Yale. The entrance examination of over fifty applicants gave them thirty to start with. Two years have securely established Ya-Li not only in high repute with the Chinese Government, but in the esteem of Europeans usually hypercritical toward missionary enterprises. Many of its students, all eager to learn, are sons or grandsons of high officials. Men from China's best colleges, Government and missionary, resort thither to continue their studies, some of them in preparation for American universities. These men are reported as having done good work and as passing stiff examination papers. The first Yale preliminary examinations will be passed at Ya-Li this summer. Its Faculty, now consisting of four Yale men as professors and three Chinese assistants, expect that Changsha will become an important fitting school for New Haven. Ya-Li has already developed a medical department, now in its second year. This, with its hospital and lectures, has rooted the college more strongly in the good will and confidence of all classes, while suspicion and opposition have been disarmed by the sedulous conformity shown toward the burdensome requirements of Chinese etiquette. The good example thus set at Ya-Li—a name translatable as "Elegant Proprieties"—was pointedly applied in an official rebuke given to a Government school director for remissness in the ceremonial mourning for the late Emperor and Empress. Ya-Li was founded at an opportune moment. The exodus of Chinese students to the schools of Japan brought such disappointment that Chinese statesmen are now intent on the development of high-class schools at home, and students are ordered to resort to such for collegiate and professional teaching. Yale has a far larger number of high Chinese officials on her roll of graduates than any other Occidental university. The New Yale in China naturally has a hopeful prospect of widening influence. It is, of course, a Christian college, while according to all its students religious liberty. Having purposely restricted its enrollment till now, the time has come for enlargement in its new campus outside the crowded city, where

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permanent buildings for residences, teaching, and hospital must be erected. Its work and prospects appeal to all patriotic Americans.

JOHN HUS

The Protestant revolt from spiritual despotism, recently brought to fresh attention by the quarter-centenary of its great lawgiver Calvin, has more than a century of antecedent history. The five hundredth anniversary of the death of its chief proto-martyr, John Hus, occurs on July 6, 1915, and will undoubtedly be duly commemorated. Perhaps in prevision of this, a distinguished Bohemian scholar, Count Lützow, has put forth a volume of standard worth, "The Life and Times of Master John Hus" (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)—"the greatest man who belonged to the Czech or Bohemian race," a verdict which the evidence seems to sustain. The widely current opinion that the Hussite movement for reform of the debased Church was propagated from the Wyclifite movement in England is undoubtedly an error. It was essentially an independent national movement, though encouraged by that of its English contemporaries. National and religious interests coalesced in Hus. The racial antipathy between Slav and Teuton, so sharp to-day, was acute five centuries ago. The Germanizing of Bohemia roused the opposition then that the Prussianizing of Poland rouses now. Hus, rector of Prague's famous University before reaching his thirtieth year, did the work of a patriotic scholar for the language essential to national individuality and made the Scriptures accessible to his countrymen in their vernacular. Dissenting less than Wyclif from the current theology of the Church; his religious zeal was chiefly moved against the immoralities of the Bohemian clergy. Deeply resenting these, the women of the realm, from the Queen downward, were ardent adherents of his efforts for reform. But neither this nor the influence of the Bohemian and Moravian nobles availed against the machinations of the corrupt clergy, resulting in his judicial murder by the Church Council at Constance, and its sequel of a hundred years' religious war. The dim dawn of the Reformation needs the light shed upon it in the present volume. Recent studies by little-known Bohemian writers have given clearer knowledge of Hus and his religious nationalism. His disparagement by Protestant German writers, influenced by national prejudice, demands the sifting, and his strong and saintly character and work deserve the appreciation, which, as given by an evidently competent and scrupulous scholar, entitle the Bohemian reformer to rank with the great German who followed him a century later.

CHURCH UNION IN CANADA

For six years there has been an organized effort to consolidate several Protestant denominations in Canada. It has become confined to the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational bodies; but among them it has now assumed a very definite form. The basis of union has been drawn up by representatives of these Churches, and is now to be submitted to the denominations as a whole. This proposed basis has already been generally indorsed by the Methodist annual conferences; and it was also indorsed by an overwhelming majority in the Presbyterian General Assembly. It has not been adopted by the Congregational Union because that body has no authority to act for the churches; the formulated basis, however, has been forwarded to the Congregational churches by the Union. Inasmuch as the joint committee which prepared the plan recommended that final action be taken simultaneously by the three denominations, and inasmuch as the Methodist General Conference which must act on it does not meet until the fall of 1910, there is no reason why the rank and file in the churches should not have plenty of time to make up their minds about it. It is not an easy matter to amalgamate bodies which are so diverse in their theological traditions and in their form of organization. The old theological differences, however, have largely disappeared; and the joint committee has found it possible to draw up a creed which substantially expresses a common belief. The chief difficulty here lies in the fact that a great many, particularly among the Congregationalists, hold that a creed is no proper basis for union; that it is an out-

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growth, not a root, of religion. Nevertheless, not a few of those who think in this way regard the advantages of union as being so great and the chance of a denial of freedom through a creedal basis as being so small in this age of liberty that they are ready to subscribe to the terms of union. An interesting compromise has been effected by which some elements of both the Presbyterian and the Methodist polities, mingled with a fair degree of that local freedom characteristic of the Congregational churches, have been incorporated in the basis of union. Whether the union will finally be consummated in this form or not, the preliminary discussion has brought the various denominations much closer together.

THAW A HOMICIDAL LUNATIC

The paranoiac criminal who slew Stanford White has again been adjudged insane, this time by Justice Mills, of the New York Supreme Court, in the dismissal of a writ of habeas corpus whereby Thaw tried to show that he is now sane, whatever he may have been at the time of the killing. The public importance of this matter is wide-reaching; the question is not merely whether a dangerous and vicious man shall be allowed at large; it is whether future murderers shall be encouraged to set up the defense of insanity under a reasonable hope that the sentiment of juries may be worked upon to accept it and then that, after acquittal, release from an insane asylum may be found easy by those rich enough to hire lawyers and experts. Justice Mills puts the case with force when he says:

> Where insanity has gone so far as actually to take human life, no sensible person will be satisfied with evidence of recovery which does not attain to the degree of reasonable certainty.

Therefore he holds that, where there has been acquittal on the ground of insanity, the presumption is that the accused continues insane, and the burden of proof is on him to show beyond any possibility of doubt that he is sane. Justice Mills discusses the case in a broad, human way, entirely convincing. Briefly, he found in Thaw's manner, appearance, and conduct in court evidence that the kind of insanity defined by the State's experts is still present in Thaw; there was alleged against Thaw a threat against his wife's life made in the insane asylum; his general conduct in the asylum was peculiar; but most of all the Judge laid stress upon the fact that Thaw, himself an immoral man of perverted type, continues to this day to believe uncorroborated talk of immoral women about White's alleged deeds, and to base on that, first, an extraordinary theory that White had several dens where he was wont to accomplish "the ruin of respectable young American girls, as it were by wholesale" (a theory which had absolutely no evidence to sustain it), and, secondly, that he, Thaw, had a special mission to destroy White. "Such a belief to such an extreme extent was plainly a delusion," says the decision, and this delusion continues today without regard to evidence, so that this man whose life is blackened by vice and degenerate acts still seems to think that "he was acting as the agent of Providence and performing a praiseworthy act, like that of David in slaying Goliath, or St. George in killing the dragon." So far as we have seen, the public concurs in the justice of the decision. But this should not deter agitation for a thorough legislative consideration of insanity as a defense. A homicide acquitted because of insanity ought never to be released until he has been unanimously pronounced sane by a jury of impartial expert alienists, summoned and paid neither by the accused nor by the prosecuting attorney, but by the Supreme Court; and, in our judgment, even such an expert verdict should be subject to approval by the Governor of the State. One further aspect of the Thaw case requires a word of plain speaking: Justice Mills, in his decision, urged that Thaw's "venerable and most estimable mother be at all times treated with the utmost possible consideration." Every one must sympathize with a mother in such distress; but it must be pointed out that violent and reasonless abuse of the officers of the law, such as Mrs. Thaw has been guilty of in letter and pamphlet, is inexcusable, and shows traces of that ungovernable spirit which is at the root of the son's trouble. It may be beneath the

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dignity of the law to notice such outbreaks, but Mrs. Thaw's own friends should convince her of their futility and bad taste.

### A FRIENDLY WORD TO A GOOD NEIGHBOR

Collier's Weekly is an excellent journal. It is not only entertaining and readable, but it has done courageous, effective, and constant work in behalf of good morals—personal, social, and political. It is as free from sins of commission as any mortal periodical can be; but, like the rest of us, it is sometimes guilty of a sin of omission. Such an omission is made in the following editorial paragraph which we find in Collier's Weekly for August 7:

> Unconsciously Theodore Roosevelt gives away his secret for a satisfying life in a private letter from his happy hunting grounds. He says: "I am very much interested in all kinds of things which I see here, from white settlements to missionary work."
>
> There you have the rule unfailing for keeping healthy and cheerful, with the young generations within hail. It is vivid interest in a world that is full of a number of things, with a swift change of focus to keep tuned to the rapid shifts of the outer scene.
>
> One other way there is to give life a joyous stride not specified by Mr. Roosevelt, and that is unwearied, zestful, passionate adherence to one pursuit, research, quest, activity, in the spirit of the scientist, the reformer, the scholar, the expert. That is just as sure as ceaseless change and the itch for universality.

Collier's Weekly omits to state that what it calls a "private letter" was written to The Outlook by Mr. Roosevelt in his capacity as one of its editorial board, and was published in these pages on July 24. Its intelligent compositors further omitted a comma after the words "missionary work," since Mr. Roosevelt's sentence did not end there, but was concluded with the phrase, "and I shall have much to tell you when I get back." As we believe that readers of Collier's Weekly, as well as our own readers, will be interested to see what Mr. Roosevelt will have to say in The Outlook about social, personal, political, and economic subjects which have come under his observance during his African and European journeys, we venture to make the foregoing supplement to Collier's statement of a piece of news which it has thought important enough to report even in an incomplete form to its readers. There is also a slight sin of commission to which we must refer in this connection. In some very friendly comment upon Mr. Roosevelt's recent editorial contributions to these pages, Collier's Weekly refers to The Outlook as "New York's leading religious weekly." The Outlook is not a "religious weekly" except in the sense in which it hopes that Collier's Weekly does not wish to be considered an irreligious one. Collier's is unfamiliar with the spirit and purpose of The Outlook if it is not aware that one of the heresies which The Outlook has been long combating is the archaic doctrine that life may be divided into two great compartments, one of which is labeled "religious" and the other "secular."

## PRESIDENT TAFT AND THE ROOSEVELT POLICIES

Nearly six months have elapsed since President Taft's inauguration. His motives in making appointments, the temper of his Cabinet, and the direction of his influence upon Congress have now been sufficiently disclosed to justify an attempt to answer the question, Is Mr. Taft's Administration continuing what are known as the Roosevelt Policies? The question may be answered, we think, with a decisive affirmative.

Before considering the reasons which we offer for such an affirmative answer, our readers may very well ask for a definition of the Roosevelt Policies. Two years ago, in commenting on the now famous Provincetown speech by President Roosevelt, The Outlook essayed such a definition in the following words:

> The fundamental policy of President Roosevelt's administration is to promote in National affairs justice, honesty, and equal rights for all men under the law. . . . Criticism of his general policy may be made only in ignorance or animosity, on the ground that he lacks a definite political philosophy and plan of action.
>
> What is this political philosophy? It is a belief that under the Constitution there should exist in this country democracy in political rights, democracy in education, democracy in religion, and democracy in industry. The first three forms of democracy have been definitely established and

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flourish; the fourth form, industrial democracy, is not yet achieved, and by many citizens is not even understood. Political democracy was established by the Revolution and the Civil War; religious democracy by the separation of Church and State; educational democracy by the maintenance of the right to tax all the citizens for the education of all the citizens; but in industry despotic power has been left in the hands of the few who are energetic or skillful or unscrupulous enough to grasp it. This autocracy in industry must be replaced by democracy through some just and effective plan of action.

What is this plan of action? It is to regulate by law the natural and artificial monopolies through which the few have gained their power over the many. The machines through which this power is exercised by the few are the great corporations. Created by the individual States, they have grown far beyond the control of the State Governments that made them. The Federal Government alone has power enough to control them. Mr. Roosevelt's plan of action has been to stimulate the people to demand Federal control; to encourage and aid Congress to provide Federal control; and to exercise Federal control through the executive departments of the Government.

The new Corporation Tax Law is a direct assurance that the present Administration proposes to maintain and extend the Roosevelt Policies as thus defined. The new law was advocated by President Taft, approved by his Cabinet, and framed by his Attorney-General, Mr. Wickersham. It subjects all corporations, great and small, to the closest scrutiny of the Government; it absolutely destroys the financial secrecy which has been the great cloak of evil in corporation management; and it is a long step in the direction of Federal incorporation advocated by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Garfield of his Cabinet, and re-advocated by Attorney-General Wickersham and Secretary Nagel, of Mr. Taft's Cabinet.

The successful enactment of a measure dealing so radically with corporations makes the views of the Attorney-General regarding the corporations and their relations to the Government especially important. The country, fortunately, has had a very recent expression of these views. They will be found in an address delivered by Mr. Wickersham before the Kentucky State Bar Association at Paducah, Kentucky, on the 7th of July last—an address which, though delivered to lawyers, is from beginning to end lucid and interesting to the layman. It gives a clear and yet accurately legal idea of the rights, the duties, and the limitations of the American corporation as a "legal person."

In the early history of the country corporations had to struggle to establish their rights. In the case of the Bank of Augusta *versus* Earle it was contended that a corporation created by one State had no rights of contract which the citizens or the courts of another State were bound to respect. Daniel Webster argued, and Chief Justice Taney of the Supreme Court sustained him, that a corporation is a legal person which possesses all the rights of a natural person in inter-State relations. Little by little, but steadily, after the days of the Bank of Augusta case, the inter-State rights of State-created corporations were strengthened. Then followed another phase. Mr. Wickersham shows how the corporations have grown so powerful that another principle has been developed by law and sustained by the courts, namely, that though State-created corporations have inter-State rights, they also have inter-State limitations, and that each individual State is sovereign, not only over its own corporations, but over foreign corporations (that is, corporations organized in other States) doing business within its borders. "It may be safely asserted," he says, "that the only limitations upon the powers of the State to exclude foreign corporations entirely from doing business within their territory, or to prescribe such conditions as they may deem proper to the carrying on by them of such business, are, first, that the regulations so prescribed shall not deprive the foreign corporations of property without due process of law, or deny to them the equal protection of the law; and, secondly, that such regulations shall not amount to an interference with inter-State commerce or with other business of a Federal nature." Thus, Georgia forbids any foreign corporation to own more than five thousand acres of land in that State; in Minnesota landownership by foreign corporations is limited to ninety thousand square feet; and in Mississippi no foreign corporation can own land exceeding a value of $2,000,000. Missouri will not permit a foreign corporation to do business within its borders if its

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articles of association show that it could not have organized under the laws of the State. Mr. Wickersham's conclusion is that the States have the absolute right to control foreign as well as their own corporations, although he doubts whether they have sufficient power to exercise effective control. If the country is to rest satisfied with State control, he recommends that each State should "enact that no foreign corporation should be licensed to do business within a State if fifty per centum of its capital stock or upwards was owned or held by any other corporation, domestic or foreign, and that if, at any time after obtaining such a license, more than fifty per centum of the capital stock of such corporation should be acquired by another corporation, the license should be *ipso facto* vacated." Such legislation, Mr. Wickersham believes, would go far towards the destruction of holding companies, which have "made possible the rapid growth of the great trusts and monopolies."

But the complications arising from this method of control "would inevitably increase the demand for Federal legislation authorizing the organization of corporations under National law for the conduct of inter-State business." Mr. Wickersham hopes that the final result will be the enactment by Congress of a law providing for National incorporation to carry on inter-State commerce. In this event "the State control of foreign corporations in all probability will soon cease to be a subject of great importance." On the one hand, the business of industrial corporations is conducted on such a vast scale that it cannot be circumscribed by the boundaries of any one State without an injury to the welfare of the entire community; on the other hand, "no one State can effectively grapple with abuses of the vast power which modern conditions have placed in the hands of those who control great corporate enterprises."

Mr. Wickersham's reasoning and his conclusions seem to us to be unanswerable. His language, coming from one of the successful and able corporation lawyers of the day, cannot be ignored as that of a theoretical reformer; and coming as it does from a member of Mr. Taft's Cabinet, which has the distinction of including a number of eminent lawyers trained in corporation law, it must, it appears to us, be taken as a practical demonstration that Mr. Taft's administration will sustain the Roosevelt Policies.

## A CERTAIN RICH MAN

That the heart of the American people is sound, that the force of public opinion is in the long run resistless, that the tendency of the current is toward better things and higher ideals—these are the convictions with which one lays down Mr. William Allen White's remarkable novel "A Certain Rich Man" (Macmillan). The lesson is taught, not by preaching or scolding, but by placing before the reader a moving picture, so to speak, of the National growth, with its evil and good, as shown in the lives of the men and women of a mid-Western country town, Sycamore Ridge, in Kansas. From before the Civil War to this very year we follow the history of the place and the people, and come to know them as does an old man who has seen two generations grow up about him in a single village. Through their homely, humorous, sometimes garrulous gossip about one another and their own affairs insensibly a most minute acquaintance is gained of individual character, of odd and whimsical traits, but ultimately of motives and springs of action. Mr. White has long been known as a cheerful and acute journalist, a broad-minded American, a sound commentator on public affairs, and always an optimist in his belief in this country, its people and its destiny. Here he uses the art of fiction in a way of his own, not the least crudely or as an imitator of the too common over-tense and didactic "muck-raking" novel, but through a definite, deliberately chosen method. The criticism most likely to be made is that the style is discursive, the talk too voluble; but pretty soon, as with Mr. De Morgan's books and with the great Victorian novelists, one recognizes that by the artful artlessness of this style the people of the book are laid bare, not only in their daily life and conversation, but in their hearts. They are types, to be sure, and Sycamore Ridge, Kansas, is a type also; but both people and place abound in reality.

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Moreover, the story is well seasoned with humor — not facetiousness nor forced epigram, but genuine, kindly, pervasive humor. It is, above all, American through and through in its spirit, its intimate knowledge of every-day American life, its dialogue, its fun, and its pathos; it would be hard indeed to name a story of the last ten years that so positively deserves to be called a novel of American life.

The barefooted country boy, John Barclay, who becomes a multi-millionaire and a great force in the commercial world through ruthless dealings, is not without warm human sympathy and generosity. But he has so deceived his conscience with the idea that personal success, the gain of power, the control of enormous financial affairs, are really essential public purposes, that he shuts his eyes to the fact that cold, cruel greed is his actuating motive. As with all his class, the prosperity of the country comes to mean to him John Barclay's prosperity; the violation of law and the unfair crushing of everything and everybody in his way is nothing if the big interests (ultimately *his* interests) are saved. He is warned early in his career by the idealist, his partner, a high-minded soldier:

"John," said the general one day as they were dividing their first five-hundred-dollar fee, "you're a lucky dog. Everything comes so easily with you. Let me tell you something; I've figured this out: if you don't give it back some way—give it back to the world, or society, or your fellows—or God, if you like to bunch your good luck under one head—you're surely going to suffer for it. There is no come-easy-go-easy in this world. I've learned that much of the scheme of things."

For such a diseased view of life and public honor as John Barclay held there could be only one cure—exposure and the force of public opinion. He and his lawyers and underlings "were able to make laws; they were able to create administrators of the law; and they were able to influence those who interpreted the law. Barclay and his power were substantial, palpable, and translatable into terms of money, of power, of vital force."

And then one day, after long years of growth in the underconsciousnesses of men, an idea came into full bloom in the world. It had no especial champions. The people began to think this idea. That was all. Now life reduced to its lowest terms consists of you and him and me. Put us on a desert island together—you and him and me—and he can do nothing without you and me—except he kill us, and then he is alone; even then we haunt him, so our influence still binds him. You can do nothing without him and me, and I can do nothing without you and him. Not that you and he will hold me; not that you will stop me; but what you will think and say will bind me to your wishes tighter than any chains you might forge. What you and he think is more powerful than all the material forces of this universe. For what you and he think is public opinion. It is not substantial; it is not palpable. It may not readily be translated into terms of money, or power, or vital force. But it crushes all these things before it. When this public opinion rises sure and firm and strong, no material force on this earth can stop it. For a time it may be dammed and checked. For a day, or a week, or a year, or a decade, it may be turned from its channel; yet money cannot hold it; arms cannot hold it; cunning cannot baffle it. For it is God moving among men.

Thus came that new development of public conscience which in the last few years has questioned the divine right of wealth to rule, and has taught fairness, the "square deal," public service, mutual obligation between citizen and citizen and between corporations and people. And this it is, rather than personal disaster or exposure, which opens John's heart. Looking at a text painted across the face of an organ, he comes to know the meaning of "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

Righteousness, he knew, was not piety—not wearing your Sunday clothes to church and praying and singing psalms; it was living honestly and kindly and charitably, and dealing decently with every one in every transaction; and sin—that he knew—was the cheating, the deceiving, and the malicious greed that had built up his company and scores of others like it all over the land. That he knew—that bribery and corruption and vicarious stealing which he had learned to know as business—that was a reproach to any people, and it came to him that he was a miserable offender, and that the other life, the decent life, was the right life.

It is common to decry the novel with a purpose, but a review of fiction would show that a surprisingly large proportion of really great novels have moral or social intention. The test is whether the book moves the heart, whether it entertains, whether it is a true reflection of life; or whether it bores, preaches, offends the taste. Judged by this test,

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Mr. White's story is eminently worth while, a refreshing oasis in the unusually arid field of recent fiction. It is brave, honest, and kindly.

## TWO SCIENTIST EDUCATORS

With the opening of the academic year this fall, Dartmouth College and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will each have a new President. Dr. Richard C. Maclaurin has already been inaugurated as the head of the Institute; Dr. Ernest Fox Nichols has been elected to succeed Dr. Tucker at Dartmouth, and is ready to take up his task. At the time of their election The Outlook gave an account of the career of each—of Dr. Maclaurin last November, and of Dr. Nichols in June. It is an interesting coincidence that both men have been called from the Department of Physics in Columbia University, New York. They are both well under middle age, Dr. Nichols being forty years old and Dr. Maclaurin a year or so younger. Both, moreover, have won considerable distinction by their work in abstract science—Dr. Maclaurin in mathematical physics, and Dr. Nichols in experiments of such delicacy as those involved in measuring the heat that comes from distant planets. At Columbia both these men belonged to the Faculty of Pure Science. They are, in the strictest sense of the word, scientific specialists.

It is certainly extraordinary that two educational institutions of New England which for months have been searching for men of practical efficiency, wide culture, and grasp on complex educational problems as administrative heads should finally decide that they had found them among specialists in pure science. Although it is not surprising that a technical school should choose a scientist as its president, it is unusual that it should choose a man whose achievements lie in the domain not of applied but of abstract science; and it is the more so since the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has based its curriculum on the belief that a technological training can be accompanied with education for culture. And if the action of "Tech" is unconventional, certainly that of Dartmouth, in which the arts course is central, is still more unconventional.

The fear has often been expressed that specialization in study, which has become more and more common, will make impossible the development of men of broad interests. In particular the growth in importance of scientific studies in comparison with the old "humanities" has been accepted as a sign of the disregard of the finer elements in civilization. A great many people have honestly felt that our whole college system was becoming materialized, dehumanized, hardened, and narrowed, because to a great degree students were choosing to follow special lines of scientific study. In place of the old ideal of the cultivated mind there has seemed to many to be obtruding the ideal of a narrow mind intent on a minute field of knowledge and oblivious of the great areas of human feeling and experience.

The fact that such men as Dr. Nichols and Dr. Maclaurin have found the experience of the specialist good training for a position requiring breadth of mind and knowledge of men is significant. It indicates that the traditional course in the "humanities" is not the only means for the cultivation of the mind.

Certainly modern science fosters certain high qualities of mind that the older studies could not develop. Accuracy, impartiality, absolute sincerity, open-mindedness, and patience are some of the qualities which must grow in a man through habits of scientific research. Moreover, scientific study, when properly pursued, must stimulate the creative imagination and must nourish that adventurous spirit which is one of the finest traits of the race, one that profits as truly as any other trait by the process of education. And surely nothing more amply rewards the love of learning than the results of intelligent and laborious scientific study. Even in the days that now seem to belong to antiquity, from the time of the Magi to the time of Faust, natural science was an abode of scholars. Even in these days there is nothing absolutely novel in the fact that science produces men of cultivation. Mr. Eliot, who has just laid down the presidency of Harvard, stepped into his place of leadership from a chair of analytical chemistry. Nevertheless, the place which science

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may have and is coming more and more to have in general education is newly and strikingly exemplified in these two recently chosen college presidents.

## THE SPECTATOR

Gloucester is a place that one can take in all sorts of ways. It is a historic seaport, with colonial traditions and ancient landmarks; it is a fisherman's town, full of heroism and the smell of fish; it is a haunt of artists, with studios and private views galore; it is a congestion exhibit in the line of summer boarders; and it is a modern and thriving town on its own account. It is this multiplicity of aspects that give it its charm. The ceaseless push of motor cars hums along its highways, but the automobilists do not get the best part of it. The byways, the leisurely flavor, are dear to the Spectator's heart. In his first summer on the Cape the smell of the fish-flakes was a drawback, as it always is to the novice. But now, along with the local color, the Spectator accepts the local flavor too, and sniffs the laden breeze with the appreciation of a connoisseur; for he knows, along with all old salts, that the far-famed smell of the sea is never the breath of the wave (which has no odor whatever), but either the scent of cast-up seaweed, or of salt-marsh mud, or of other marine débris—and why not, then, of clean-cured, myriad-spread cod and mackerel?

The imagination fairly staggers at the amount of fish that Gloucester catches and cures. What scent of fish can do justice to one hundred and forty million pounds of it taken from the ocean each year? Far back in colonial annals, in its very first year of life, in fact, Gloucester caught a cargo of cod that was taken across in fifty-ton craft all the way to Bilboa, in Spain, and sold for five thousand pounds sterling. To-day the town's fishing business is rated at over seven million dollars a year. Five thousand men sail out in the Gloucester fleet, a fleet unmatched for hardiness and daring. The men of Gloucester have borne a fine part in American history, all the way from Louisburg, where they sent soldiers and sailors, and Quebec, where they were in the forefront with Wolfe on the Heights of Montmorency; through Bunker Hill and Coffin's Beach, the Long Island retreat, and in 1812 (where a Gloucester man was sailing-master of the Constitution), down to the Civil War, when every seventh citizen of the town was either in the Union ranks or in the Union fleet. The Spectator has seen unwary summer visitors try to patronize the Gloucester native, and has watched their swift and sure discomfiture with amusement. On the other hand, he has found Gloucester as friendly as it is independent, and full of types of character that rejoice the beholder.

There are types of character in the summer boarder, too, for it is a poor rule that does not work both ways. The summer visitor loves dearly the maritime and the picturesque. Hence a veritable eruption in the quaint old town and all its outlying resorts of tea-rooms and curio shops with nautical names, such as The Moorings, The Nautilus, The Lobster-Pot, The Steerage, The Anchor, The Binnacle, etc. From these, besides the common or garden curio of ordinary commerce, pour an unceasing flood of napkin rings, pincushions, thermometers, pin trays, emery holders, and even work-baskets, tortured out of shells, fish-net confections, crockery adorned with pictures of everything on the Cape from a lighthouse to a codfish, and postal cards (made in Germany) of every known or suspected view in the vicinity. All these the summer visitor buys, with acute cries of admiration, and takes home to the hotel or cottage to show to the rest of the porch brigade. In curio shops where tea is served (so the Spectator is told) the tariff is higher. Being a mere man, he has never tried them; but he went to various and sundry studio teas during his novitiate—one can go on the Cape to a dozen studio teas any Wednesday or Saturday afternoon and see the marshes, the sunsets, the harbor, the rocks and waves, the lighthouses and beaches, served up in water and oil *ad infinitum*, and viewed over the teacups by possible purchasers amid incessant bromidioms of "Isn't that *just* like the sunset we saw on Friday? Only, of course, you know, no one can *quite*

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paint a Gloucester sunset!" "Doesn't that remind you of Italy?—the water is *so* Italian here!" "No, I don't paint myself, but I have such a *feeling* for it, you know. The atmosphere here is so lovely and artistic—don't you think so?" "Well, let's go on down to the next studio—he has such *beau*tiful harbor studies, and really, my dear, they're much less expensive, because he hasn't been to Europe yet. After they've been to Europe they always ask *ever* so much more." "No—he doesn't have studio teas any more. Last year he had an exhibition, but this year they say he isn't even going to do *that*. Of course it makes you just crazy to go, now that you can't."

Nature keeps up a perpetual open-air exhibition on the moors and along the cliffs of the Cape. At certain times in the day the rocks are filled with summer boarders, as numerous as flocks of sea-birds—and almost as clamorous. The Spectator remembers one sunset hour when a couple behind him had their feet in his back, and two ladies just below him were reading George Eliot aloud, while to right and to left nature enthusiasts hemmed him in, keeping up a fire of appropriate exclamations, until he almost envied the toiling fisherman bobbing in his frail craft just off the rocks in the foreground and hauling in his lobster-pots without a thought for the sun or the sea. But at off hours, and especially just after a storm, the surf and the sky can be viewed almost in solitude, and are a joy indeed; and the sea wind roars and rejoices in a mighty strength from the farthest horizon and far over the storm-swept moors. The "stern and rock-bound coast" is no joke here, as it is at Plymouth, and the life-saving stations and lighthouses are none too many to guard reef and rock.

Stage Fort Park, on the harbor headland, is a historic site. Its composite name is historic, too, for here the first adventurers set up their fish "stages," and here the first fort defending the tiny settlement was erected. It is none the worse for being entirely unimproved, left as high and bare and sunny as nature made it, and only marked by a great bronze tablet let into a magnificent rock ledge at one side. To get to it one crosses the drawbridge over the canal built by the Rev. Richard Blynman, "first minister and leading citizen" of old Gloucester, who, in 1643, dug this canal connecting the river and the sea. Gloucester this year celebrated Gloucester Day, which happens every now and then in August (but wisely not every year, so as to become hackneyed), by a town pageant here in the green amphitheater of the park, overlooking the picturesque medley of the harbor. It was a thrilling occasion, and, with a hundred and twenty-five thousand people in holiday humor packed in the narrow, irregular streets of the old city, and with eight war-ships in the harbor and two thousand performers in the pageant and parade, it was a three-ringed circus of a day for all concerned. The militia, the jackies, the summer boarders, the fisher-folk, the official committees, the artistic colony, the motor-car contingent, the school-children, the firemen, the Grand Army of the Republic, were all active participants. President Taft (as a nominal resident of Beverly this summer) was expected, and would have been there but for the Tariff Bill—which it was not safe to mention in Gloucester that day—and a special pavilion was built in his honor, and occupied by his family and by the Governor of Massachusetts and other special guests.

Gloucester was draped, so to speak, from top to toe in red, white, and blue bunting. Even the Chinese laundry sailed under two large flags, while the Taft Hotel, of one story and a half, with a full-rigged ship in the window, was fairly swathed in the colors, and announced "*Transient meals a specialty.*" The phrase really applied to all Gloucester, for along the streets all day the crowd ate transient meals in happy defiance of the laws of human digestion, and then took their suppers with them to the pageant benches, where the public was let in at five and stayed until midnight to see the last glorious blaze of the fireworks. The Spectator, for his part, wandered around to the wings, where among the gray rocks were scattered pages in jerkins, maidens

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in kirtle and farthingale, nuns in white, clowns in motley, spearmen in steel, court ladies in rainbow satin, and angel-faced choir-boys trying to set each other's wigs on fire with their lighted candles— Oh, it was a great spectacle, especially when the music of its marching choirs rose and fell under the stars and floated out over the hushed harbor, with its darkling waters and its peaceful ships of war. Gloucester has a right to be proud of its day and its pageant—and may the Spectator be there to see Gloucester Day next time, whenever that may be!

# THE PAYNE TARIFF LAW, AT HOME AND ABROAD

## BY ROBERT P. PORTER

Mr. Porter speaks with authority on the subject of tariff legislation. For the tenth United States Census (1880) he contributed important statistics on the subject of Taxation and Wealth, and he was Director of the eleventh United States Census, from 1890 to 1894. In 1898 President McKinley sent him as Special Fiscal and Tariff Commissioner to Cuba and Porto Rico. Some years later Mr. Porter joined the staff of the London Times, first as editor of its Engineering Supplement, and then as its principal correspondent for North America. He is now the American representative of that famous journal, with offices in New York, but spends considerable of his time in Great Britain and is familiar with the politics of that country as well as of Continental Europe. He is an expert in the modern development of commerce and industry, and is the author of several well-known volumes on economic subjects. He has long been a protagonist of protection, and belongs to the right or extreme wing of the Protectionist party, believing, for example, that Great Britain should abandon free trade and adopt the protective system. His article should be carefully read by those who desire to get the high protectionist view of the new Payne Tariff Law and its effect on the commerce of the world. The Outlook differs from Mr Porter in some important particulars. He thinks the Payne Law is an indication that modern industry and commerce desire high tariffs. We think it is an indication that they desire low tariffs. Mr. Porter thinks that, with the possible exception of free hides, there are no reductions pronounced enough to cheapen the cost of staple articles to the consumer. This may be so; we can all tell better how true it is a year hence; but the Payne Law, in our judgment, makes reductions so radical as to assure still further reductions of special schedules in the near future. Nor does Mr. Porter, in our judgment, attach enough importance to the administrative features of the law. As we pointed out last week, these alone, setting all consideration of duties aside, constitute a radical reform of the protective system of the United States. In one detail Mr. Porter's statement of fact must be corrected. He says: "The rates of duty on some Canadian products have been again increased, and it is evident that the United States is not going to purchase anything from Canada that she can possibly produce at home." Under the operation of the Dingley Law, American millers have imported great amounts of Canadian wheat to manufacture into flour in bond, but the by-products, such as bran, seconds, and middlings, had to be reëxported, despite the scarcity and high price of feeds, because the Dingley Law did not provide for their entry into the domestic market. Section 23 of the new law, however, makes such a provision, and the by-products of American milling of Canadian wheat may hereafter be sold in the United States on payment of a specified duty. This feature of the new law affords a desirable advantage both to Canadian wheat-growers and to American millers. The Canadians have also the advantage of material reductions in lumber, its manufactured products, and wood pulp. We take this opportunity of asserting again our belief that the Payne Law in its treatment of specific duties and in its administrative features is a pronounced recognition of the popular demand in this country—a demand fostered and developed very largely by

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Mr. Roosevelt—that the Government of the United States shall be a Government of the people, by the people, for the people, as opposed to a Government of the almighty dollar, by the almighty dollar, for the almighty dollar.—THE EDITORS.

THE Payne Tariff has become a law. Like all new tariffs, it is condemned by many and praised by few. Free-traders declare the reductions in duties are too slight. Protectionists, with equal vigor, contend that there should have been no reductions at all. Free-traders are attacking the gentlemen who have devoted so many months to the difficult and thankless task of revising the tariff because of their moderation in extending the free list. Protectionists, on the other hand, condemn the enlargement of the free list as a menace to American industry. The increase of duty on so-called "inadequately protected" articles is praised by some as "a strong and statesmanlike" feature of the measure, but by others is denounced as "robbing the ultimate consumer" for the benefit of manufacturing corporations and trusts. The point of view from which one looks at the tariff seems to so warp the judgment of men equally honest and public-spirited that it would be folly on the part of an impartial observer either to condemn or to praise the latest effort on the part of a political party to revise the tariff. The tariff of 1909, like its predecessors, the Tariff Commission Law of 1883, the McKinley Act of 1890, the Wilson Tariff of 1894, and the Dingley Law of 1897, is the result of the economic condition which faced the men responsible for the revision. As to whether Congress has correctly interpreted those conditions it is impossible to say now. There have been five revisions of the tariff since the Civil War. Only one of these revisions, that made under the direction of Mr. Dingley, was allowed to remain on the statute book unchallenged for over ten years. The Tariff Commission Law was a genuine reduction of the tariff passed by a Republican Congress. The Democratic party declared the reductions inadequate, appealed to the country largely on that issue, and won the election. Then followed the futile attempt of Mr. Cleveland during his first term further to reduce the tariff. His efforts were defeated by members of his own party who represented protectionist districts. In 1888 the protection sentiments of the country had again crystallized. Mr. Harrison was elected President on the issue of protection or free trade squarely fought out. This election resulted in the McKinley revision of 1890, which, instead of decreasing, actually increased the rates of duty, stiffened the administrative sections of the law, and levied adequate duties, not for revenue only, but with the avowed purpose of bringing industries from foreign countries to the United States. The McKinley Tariff actually accomplished this, and the manufacture of tin plate and several classes of textile fabrics was established in consequence of its provisions. This was the beginning of the thoroughly protective policy which in a large measure has been completed and rounded off in the bill which has just become law. The McKinley Tariff was met with a storm of protests and the Republican party was swept out of office, and Mr. McKinley himself temporarily retired to private life. Election promises are one thing, and after-election fulfillments another. The Democratic party in the Wilson Tariff certainly fell as far short of fulfilling its election promises as the Republican party leaders have done in the Payne Tariff, and for precisely the same reason. Protection is the established policy of the United States, and the people firmly believe that diversified industries, high wages, and a profitable home market which it brings are essential to prosperity. The Wilson Act of 1894 remained in force only three years, and was displaced by the law which Mr. Dingley framed and which brought into the protection fold all the industries Mr. McKinley had overlooked. Even the panic of 1907 failed to weaken the convictions of the American people on this issue, though many predicted that it would. While the Republican platform of 1908 called for a revision of the tariff, that revision was distinctly and in terms qualified by the words that in all tariff legislation "the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal

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the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries." Is it fair to construe these words as meaning a "reduction of all duties," a "movement in the direction of free trade" or of "a revenue tariff," or even as a declaration for "free raw materials"? The phrase "without excessive duties" might bear the construction that in cases where the "true principle of protection" could be sustained without excessive duties the rates might be lowered, as they have been in some unimportant cases. It must, however, in justice be admitted that no promise was made to reduce the tariff below the protective point. With the above declarations and with veteran protectionist statesmen to carry them into effect, those who now declare that they voted the Republican ticket because the platform promised a reduction of the tariff deserve little sympathy. It is more likely that these gentlemen, though they may be perfectly honest in their free trade views, voted for Mr. Taft because they were afraid of Mr. Bryan and of his principles, and in thus voting a majority of them probably never gave the tariff a thought. They may have inferred that "revision" meant "reduction," but that, as I have pointed out, required a stretch of the imagination.

The effect of this legislation on the industries and labor of the United States will, in my opinion, be infinitesimal. There are no reductions that will injure any industry. There are a few increases that will help to establish the manufacture of articles hitherto made in Europe. With the exception possibly of free hides, there are no reductions radical enough really to cheapen the cost of staple articles to the consumer. Wherever Mr. Aldrich, who was undoubtedly the moving spirit in framing the law, "spotted" a paragraph that might be reduced without doing the slightest harm to any American industry, he appears to have decreased the duty. Wherever his conscience would not allow him to increase the figures, and there was no valid reason for so doing, the administrative sections of the bill were resorted to or new classifications were introduced for the purpose of stiffening the rates of duty. Again, in cases where a really inadequate rate of duty was scented by these astute tariff experts—as in the case of high-speed steel—the duty was openly and from the protective standpoint properly advanced. The theory on which this work has been based is that the American policy is to protect its own labor and its own home market. If, therefore, you protect steel rails, why not protect oxalic acid? if you protect files and razors, why not high-speed steel? if you protect woolen manufactures to the extent of 100 per cent *ad valorem*, why not protect silk goods 75 per cent, cotton goods and flax, hemp, and jute goods 50 or 60 per cent? You cannot have protection in spots. You cannot protect the products of some States and put the products of other States on the free list. Mr. McKinley tried this with sugar, and Mr. Wilson tried it with wool. Both laws were repealed. The Dingley Law was thoroughly protective throughout, treated all industries with equality, and remained in force twelve years, though under it the average rate of duty has at times exceeded 50 per cent, and has averaged during the whole period 47 per cent *ad valorem*. Under this tariff the country enjoyed ten years of unexampled prosperity. The revenues from customs have increased from $40,000,000 in 1861 to $330,000,000 in 1907, and the value of the total imports from $275,000,000 to $1,415,000,000. It may further be said that since the close of the Civil War the average *ad valorem* protection has only twice fallen below 40 per cent, and has averaged for upwards of forty years over 45 per cent. It cannot be said that America deliberately adopted a high protective tariff. The exigencies of war created it. When the Republican party came into power in 1861, only a small portion of the public revenue was derived from customs duties; the average *ad valorem* rate of duty was less than 19 per cent, and 25 per cent of the imports of merchandise were admitted free of duty. The war changed all this, and at its close we find that the average rate of duty exceeded 48 per cent and that the free list had dwindled to 13½ per cent, and for the following four years to less than 5 per cent, of the total imports. From this time until the present day the people of the United States have never directly voted for a reversal of the fiscal

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policy of the country, and until they do it is unreasonable for the minority, who favor such change, to expect that statesmen will undertake a task fraught with so much danger both to capital and labor.

Turning from the effect of the tariff at home to its effect on foreign countries, I am met with the fact that, from an international point of view, tariffs have never been so important as they are at the present time. Next to the question of national defense and the study of military and naval armaments, the tariff schedules of a country form the most vital and interesting subject for examination and discussion. Germany, after an investigation by experts and economists extending over many years, has recently enacted, we are told, a "scientific tariff." France is in the midst of an elaborate revision of her tariff in the interests of her home market; and Japan, following the example of Europe, has in preparation a protective tariff in which the rates of duty on some classes of imports suggest the schedules of the American tariff. Sweden has also in process of completion a revision of the tariff which may result in higher duties on manufactured commodities. Great Britain is vigorously discussing the question of tariff reform, and apparently preparing to enter into the tariff conflict of the nations. Lastly, as we have seen, the United States has just enacted a revision of its highly protective Dingley Law, substituting therefor a tariff equally protective on all articles needing protection, with a "maximum tariff" attached of 25 per cent *ad valorem*, to be used as a club to compel other nations and their dependencies to give America the most-favored-nation treatment in return for its prohibitory tariff, which has misleadingly been christened the "minimum tariff." The changes of tariff schedules sometimes affect the population of an entire town, a district, and even a State. The McKinley Tariff Law dealt severely with certain Canadian products, and compelled Canada to turn to the motherland as her best customer. In this instance, if Canadian reports may be regarded as trustworthy, tariff legislation seems to have affected in a marked degree the relations between the Dominion and the United States. A misplaced comma in the American tariff enabled Wales to manufacture American tin plate for twenty years or more, but the McKinley Tariff, by correcting the error, transferred the industry, worth millions of dollars, to America, and, with it, thousands of artisans. That same tariff in four years reduced the exportation of manufactures of wool from the Bradford Consular Districts from nearly $25,000,000 in 1889 to $8,500,000 in 1894. The Wilson Tariff of 1894 temporarily increased these exports to America to twenty-eight millions, and a few years later the Dingley Law reduced the exports to about five million dollars, from which they have never recovered and are not likely to recover. From the English potteries district, comprising 250,000 people, comes an interesting account of the importance of changes in the American tariff, and of the keen interest of the people in every change made in the earthenware schedule. To the districts where these various articles are made, and to thousands of people engaged in their production, the American tariff has a very real interest. The changes of rates of duty not only affect the employer, but the artisan whose wages and employment frequently depend upon a slight change in a tariff schedule. The total value of the exports of British manufactures to America is $155,000,000. To this must be added foreign and colonial exports ($135,000,000), making a total of $290,000,000. This is the measure of Great Britain's annual trade with the United States which may in some way be reduced, increased, or obstructed by American legislators at Washington. Of the fourteen schedules of the American tariff, the United Kingdom has an interest, as a manufacturer, in all except the sugar and tobacco schedules, and even in these she is interested as a trader and freight carrier.

It is hardly a matter of surprise, therefore, that the London Times, in its issue of July 20, published what it called "The Times United States of America Tariff Supplement," in which it gave from its corps of correspondents in various parts of the world and in the United Kingdom the views of the Governments and the communities in relation to the effect of the new American tariff on foreign industry and commerce. A perusal

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of these letters shows that interest in the American tariff is as keenly felt on the Continent of Europe and in the Dominion of Canada as it is in Great Britain and in the United States itself. It is no exaggeration to say that from the first publication of the Payne Bill, last March, the British diagnosis of the symptoms has been more correct than it has been in America, where sanguine free-traders have professed to believe that the tariff would be substantially reduced. British manufacturers, on the other hand, have never thought that a protectionist Government supported by two-thirds of the members of the Senate, together with a working majority of the House, and weakly opposed by a half-protectionist minority, would deliberately lower tariff duties to a point where serious inroads could be made into American home markets. It is needless to say that these expectations have been fully realized, and that British manufacturers and importers will receive little benefit from the revision.

As it fell to my lot to examine and arrange this interesting correspondence in relation to the new tariff, I am able to say that these reports indicate that there will be no such violent change in exports from Great Britain as followed the enacting of the McKinley and Dingley Laws. France will probably be the greatest sufferer, because, in addition to the various restrictive sections of the bill, and the possibility of the enforcement of the maximum tariff, the duties on large classes of French exports—champagnes, still wines, brandies, silks, etc.—have been increased. Germany remains undismayed at the schedule increases of the bill, but she is greatly concerned at the new method of valuation, which will upset her established practice of undervaluation by consignment—a system which received partial official indorsement by the United States in the tariff negotiations of 1907. These arrangements, under Section 4 of the Dingley Tariff Law, will be abrogated in the case of Germany and France, and both these countries will be fortunate if they escape the maximum or general tariff. The only reciprocity with the United States which Great Britain enjoys is a reduction of 20 per cent on works of art. This, of course, will be abrogated; but works of art are admitted free under the new law. The operation of the Dingley Law in 1897 reduced the German exports to the United States to $83,225,000. Her exports, however, increased by fairly regular stages, until in 1905 they had risen to $135,505,000, and in 1907 to $160,000,000. The same tariff law cut down British exports from $105,000,000 in 1897 to $70,000,000 in 1898. From that blow Great Britain has recovered, and her exports to the United States now amount to $160,000,000.

In Austria the new American tariff is regarded as a distinct advance in the direction of prohibitive protection. As with armaments, so in respect to protective tariffs, laymen are beginning to ask, "Where will this end?" The Vienna correspondent of the Times says that some think it will not be checked as long as England adheres to what is called her free trade policy. With the exception of the increase of the duty on lemons for the benefit of the Pacific coast, Italy has little to complain of in the new measure. Trade between that country and the United States is pretty evenly balanced, each sending to the other large quantities of raw material.

Canada has been severely hit in several important industries, and it is claimed that the work commenced by the Dingley Law will be relentlessly completed by the new law. The rates of duty on some Canadian products have been again increased, and it is evident that the United States is not going to purchase anything from Canada that she can possibly produce at home. The retaliatory clause, it is feared, may also affect the Dominion. A friend writes me from Ottawa, under date of July 28, as follows:

> According to the strict reading of this section of the bill the surtax will apply to Canadian products, on account of the preference granted to the products of the United Kingdom and certain Dominions across the seas, and the present treaty now in force with France, Japan, and other countries. In the event of the convention between Canada and France becoming law, the surtax will, without doubt, apply against both countries, unless like concessions are granted to the products of the United States.

In spite of this, he tells me, "Canada will pursue her own course quietly and not aggressively, opening up trade chan-

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nels in different parts of the world, and especially in developing trade with Great Britain, irrespective of what the United States may do." In ten years Canada has imported from the United States goods valued at nearly $700,000,000 in excess of the exports to that country. In return for this, further prohibitory legislation has been enacted. The people of Canada, it is intimated, begin to think the time has come when the policy should be to trade between the East and West and within the British Empire, rather than to go North and South.

Upon the whole, Great Britain has less to lose and more to gain by the new tariff than any other country. So far as I am able to observe, there exists in the several important industrial centers of the United Kingdom a general feeling of cheerfulness, not to say, in some instances, of optimism, on the part of British manufacturers. Having partially recovered from the dislocation of trade caused by the McKinley and Dingley Tariffs, merchants and manufacturers attach little importance to the new law, which they regard in its essential features as a continuation of a policy inaugurated nearly twenty years ago. With the proposed general or maximum tariff and the administrative sections England has no concern. The British manufacturer, whatever his shortcomings may be, is not dishonest in his methods of business, and hence he is not injured by the new system of valuation and of invoicing. Whatever may happen to her Continental competitors, Great Britain is sure to be accorded the minimum tariff. And has not Mr. Payne himself intimated that this section was framed especially with a view of rewarding England for her "fairness and impartiality in the treatment of American imports in the past"? It would be unkind, perhaps, to add—And possibly with a view of retaining those favors in the future. At least that is the construction which those who favor tariff reform put upon Section 2 of the Tariff Act. Such actual reductions of duty as have been made in the schedules are slightly beneficial to British manufacturers, while the few increases affecting British products will not prevent importations. Great Britain has therefore fared better than her Continental neighbors, and quite as well as she expected to fare.

Oxford, England.

# PERSONALITY AND COLLEGE PROFESSORS

## BY WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE

THE personality of the teacher is the foremost problem in all grades of education. That should ever be the administrator's prime concern. As President Eliot says,[1] "the president who delegates these selections, or takes little interest in them, is in all probability neglecting the greater for some lesser function. He is spending his strength on less important matters and neglecting the duty on the right discharge of which the future of the university chiefly depends."

The college president who should make three or four first-rate appointments a year would earn his salary if he were to do nothing else. A bad appointment, if permanent—and, unfortunately, in colleges bad appointments, if not too bad, tend to be permanent—is a greater damage to a college than would be the loss outright of the fifty thousand dollars by which the professorship is supported. For it is much easier to bring a new fifty thousand dollars in than to get a dull, weak, uninspiring man out, and find a keen, earnest, enthusiastic man to fill his place.

A college requires a different type of man from that required by a university,

[1] University Administration. By Charles W. Eliot. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1908.

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for while teaching the broad outlines of great subjects to undergraduates is only one, and often an incidental one, of many functions of a university, and therefore of its life "a thing apart," it is, like love in woman, a college's "whole existence." Of course it is desirable that the college professor should be doing some research on his own account, to keep his mind alive. But his main business is not incursions into the unknown, but rather excursions with large groups of novices along the dusty highways of the known.

Accordingly, the first thing the college president has to learn is that the recommendations of most university professors respecting their favorite pupils cannot be taken as final. This, of course, is not because the university professors are either intentionally or unintentionally dishonest. It is because, if the college president knows his business and the university professor knows only his business, they are talking about very different things.

A college president who should rely mainly on such recommendations, filling his vacancies year after year with the choicest products of the university, according to the university professor's estimation, would wake up at the end of ten or a dozen years to discover that he has no college at all, but a cross between an overgrown high school and an underfed university, with disorder in the classrooms, dissipation in the student life, discontent in the faculty, and his own stupid "neglect of the greater for some lesser function" to blame for it all.

How, then, shall the college president escape this danger? Fortunately, there are in every university faculty two or three men who are able to appreciate the college need, and to judge men from that point of view. The president will consult them, not only with reference to appointments in their own department, but in all departments; asking them to find out whether there happens to be taking his degree, on the way to his degree, or, better still, with two or three years' experience after taking his degree, a man who has his subject in enthusiastic, contagious form; who is big enough to see into and through and all around a group of college boys, instead of letting them see into and through and all around the narrow circle in which he lives and moves; who has also the health and human interest, the power for work and play, the character and ideals, which will make young men admire and follow him. Time and again one rakes a university's list in this indirect way and gathers nothing; only to find a few weeks later, when the prospective vacancy becomes known, the department and the appointment bureau combining to urge some one whom the canny colleague had already inspected and pronounced, judged by the college standard, utterly unfit.

There are two ways of filling vacancies: one by training up instructors in one's own college, the other by calling experienced men from other colleges and universities. The former is a little cheaper, but very dangerous, and in the long run disastrous. The latter is more expensive at the start, but better, and therefore cheaper in the end. The danger in the former method is that one will retain year after year, with a little additional encouragement, an instructor who is neither a great success nor a complete failure, and then, out of superficial kind-heartedness, especially if the instructor gets married in the meantime, give him a permanent appointment. In this way a college finds itself ultimately paying full salaries to men whom it would never have dreamed of offering full salaries if it had gone into the field with a full salary to offer, determined to secure the best man in the country that salary would draw. It is far wiser to pay liberally the man who has proved his success elsewhere than to pay a much smaller sum for the few early years to some one whom the college will ultimately have upon its hands at a cost sufficient to secure a far abler man.

Of course it will be said that the unsuccessful instructor ought not to be promoted. That is true. But colleges are closely knit groups, living together like one big family, and college administration is bound to be human, and therefore at times weak and yielding. Kindness to the individual instructor, at cost of disaster to the institution and cruelty to a whole generation of students, is a college president's most easily besetting temptation; and the calling of proved men at higher

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initial salaries is one of the ways in which he will try to be delivered from it.

Still, each college must bear its part in training some untried men, and even men who have succeeded elsewhere often prove ill adapted to a particular college. Then the president must be hard-hearted and make his trustees so if he can, and take the consequent unpleasantness and unpopularity as the price he pays for holding a position of great delicacy; great possibilities for widespread harm if he is weakly sentimental, or far-reaching benefits if he is sternly just. With every new man the understanding must be explicit that at the end of a temporary appointment the college has no obligation whatsoever and the instructor no claim; both are free to make for the future the best bargain they can.

On the other hand, when an appointment has once been made to a full professorship, after sufficient trial, the tenure should be for life; the professor should have the utmost freedom in methods of work and manner of life, the most generous salary the college can afford, frequent leave of absence when health or study or special opportunity demands. Only when physical disability, or moral breakdown, or intellectual incapacity makes his continuance actually demoralizing should a professor be removed. The severer the tests for admission to the office, the more generous should be the treatment of those who are thus permanently identified with the college. For thenceforth they and it are one; their prosperity and efficiency are its prosperity and efficiency; their reputation and achievement are its reputation and achievement. They should be as free as if their departments were the whole institution. Where such freedom is generously granted it will seldom, if ever, be abused.

The college which takes advantage of the slowness of promotion and small pay given to instructors in universities to pay a little more and promote a little faster at the start will have no difficulty in securing the six or eight best years of service from a series of strong young men between the ages of twenty-six and thirty-five. Perhaps half of them will become so attached as to remain permanently by preference. Last year Bowdoin College was fortunate in retaining such a man at a salary of $2,200, against an offer elsewhere of $6,000 and a house. Invariably promising young professors receive flattering calls, and a considerable proportion go. In one department, for instance, I have had six professors in the past twenty-four years, all of whom now hold full professorships elsewhere. This year the seventh professor-elect in that department was taken by Harvard between the time of his election here and the beginning of his term of service. But already a promising successor is engaged for next September. Continuity in college professorships is valuable, especially in binding the alumni of successive years together in affection for the same set of men; but worse things could happen to a college department than to have half a dozen years of service from each of a series of men who subsequently become university professors.

For a second of President Eliot's principles is juniority. All through his book this man past seventy is praising the superiority of youth, especially for all kinds of administration. He urges that trustees should "fill each successive vacancy in the board from a generation younger than that to which most of the surviving members belong, and invariably resist the tendency to fill a vacancy by electing some contemporary of the remaining members." He also urges the superiority of young men for deans and chairmen of departments. "The principle of seniority," he says, "is a dangerous one for determining the selection of the chairmen of departments." He recommends a policy of rotation on which "the chairmen will not often be senior professors, and indeed will generally be junior professors, or assistant professors." This principle of juniority applies throughout a college. If Bowdoin College is running smoothly and effectively to-day, I am sure that it is not due to anything that I, who am on the wrong side of fifty, am directly contributing; but because at the points which closely touch undergraduate life, as secretary, registrar, chairman of board of proctors, we have men in charge who are well under thirty-five.

Not because I myself happened to begin the work of a college president at

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the age of twenty-six (though I do believe it is a good plan to catch material for that office while it is still green and pliable), but because in an experience of twenty-four years I have seen ninety-five per cent of all administrative reforms advocated and accomplished by men under thirty-five, I heartily indorse President Eliot's principle of juniority as the distinguishing mark of a progressive as distinct from a stagnant institution. I could point to a period of twenty years in the history of Bowdoin College when it was exclusively in the control of old men. During that period hardly a dollar was added to its funds; not a county was added to its constituency; not a new subject was introduced; not a method was changed; not a single improvement made. The spirit of that whole period was summed up in the answer of the most conservative of that group of aged professors to a student who asked to be referred to some more recent work on anatomy than the antiquated text-book employed, "No bones have been added to the human body since that book was written." There are plenty of young fellows in all our faculties who would make splendidly successful college presidents. But when trustees insist on making the figurehead qualities appropriate to a man of fifty an essential requirement, naturally it takes them a long while to find their man. Men who start young in a calling sometimes never grow old. But a man who starts old never grows young.

President Eliot's advocacy of liberty in educational administration naturally takes the form of an encomium on the elective system. Without repeating the familiar argument, I simply add the testimony of experience with both systems to the effect that mental and moral tone under the elective system is vastly higher than under a required system.

The elective system, however, is a very different thing in a college from what it is in a university. In the university the main object is the subject, and its adequate and symmetrical presentation. In the college the main object is the student, and his adequate and symmetrical instruction. In a college of moderate size one man or at most two men in a department can give all the courses the college purpose requires, especially if they avail themselves of the custom of giving some of the advanced courses only in alternate years. Six or eight broad, general courses, followed by two or three special courses, suffice. And it does not much matter what the specific advanced topic is, provided it be fairly important. For instance, a college should give an advanced course in its department of economics on some such special subjects as taxation, transportation, immigration, but not necessarily on all or any particular one of them. A university must offer courses in all these special aspects of economics, and in a dozen others besides.

To be sure, a college is tempted to imitate the university in this respect; and if it listens to the clamor of the university type of men on its faculty, it will probably yield to that temptation, as indeed many already have yielded. When a catalogue shows more than fifty instructors for less than five hundred students, as the catalogues of some of our leading colleges do to-day, it may be that they are developing the intensive methods of the preceptorial system; or it may be that they are transferring unmodified the university conception of the elective system. If the latter is the case, instruction in that college is deteriorating. A very little mathematics will make the nature and source of that deterioration evident.

Let us start with a college which has a single professor for a department—a man of successful experience, whom it pays $2,500. Let us call the efficiency of that department's teaching 100. If you add one inexperienced instructor, whom you pay $1,000, whose efficiency in teaching is only half that of the professor, and if he does half of the teaching, then the efficiency of teaching in that department will be one-half of 150, or 75. If you add two such instructors, the efficiency of teaching in that department falls to one-third of 200, or 66⅔. If you add four such instructors, the teaching efficiency of that department falls to one-fifth of 300, or 60. The instant an institution increases the proportion of poorly paid, inexperienced instructors to well-paid, experienced professors, it has to face this law of diminishing efficiency. A bulky catalogue may conceal this law from the uninitiated;

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but the law and its fatal penalties are sure to be there. The only remedy, unless the college is rich enough to pour out money like water, is to have comparatively few teachers, but all of these as efficient and well paid as the best. Two first-rate men, worth $2,500 apiece, and paid what they are worth, giving a limited number of courses, indicate a much stronger department than one well-paid professor, a half-paid assistant professor, and three underpaid instructors. And, besides being better, it is no more expensive. If the college is to grow in numbers without deterioration in quality of work; if it is to do its distinctive work better than the university does the same work; in short, if the college has a future, this is the policy it must adopt—a small number of picked men, all more carefully selected and more highly paid than the average university instructor, giving a limited number of not too highly specialized courses.

All the immense moral and educational advantages of the elective system are within reach of the college of moderate means, if it has the wisdom and the courage to adhere to this policy of putting the quality of its distinctive work above quantity of work in imitation of a university. In any case, the elective system costs a little more than the prescribed system, but it need not cost very much more if this policy is followed. Indeed, if it were not possible to secure at moderate cost all that is valuable for strictly college purposes in the elective system, the days of the college would be numbered. For absolute prescription of college studies is dead past hope of resurrection.

College administration should be democratic. As President Eliot says, "One-man power is always objectionable in a university, whether lodged in president, secretary of the trustees, dean, or head of department." Because a college is smaller, and contact closer, autocratic, dictatorial methods here are even more intolerable than in a university. All internal affairs should be in the hands of the faculty. This, of course, does not mean that cases of discipline, excuses, athletic schedules, attendance, will be discussed at length in the faculty meeting. That is a primitive tradition which well-organized colleges have happily outgrown. Democracy here, as wherever it is efficient on any considerable scale, will be representative, and delegate details to experts. For matters such as those mentioned above, an individual, or a small permanent committee, is far more effective than a town-meeting. The precious time of the meetings of the whole faculty should be reserved for hearing reports of officers and committees, and discussion of educational policy.

In Bowdoin College the Secretary, a young professor, deals promptly and finally with all matters of attendance. After each exercise the professor in charge drops in a box at the office a record of attendance at that exercise. Each day all the absences of the preceding day are laid on the Secretary's desk in tabulated form. At his discretion no notice is taken of the absences of earnest students who can afford to take them, and can be trusted to make good use of their time; while others are warned, placed on probation, suspended, or removed. In the three years that this system has been in operation the faculty, as a whole, has not spent five minutes considering absences, excuses for them, or trouble growing out of them. Since discipline was referred to a small administrative committee, the faculty, as a whole, has not given two minutes' time to that formerly engrossing subject. In both cases there is a technical right of appeal; but neither student nor professor avails himself of it, knowing that it would be a waste of time. The expert representative, or representatives, express the will of the whole faculty better than it could itself. If he or they should cease to do so, it would indicate that new representatives were needed.

The appointment of these committees and officers is one of the president's most important duties; for on their enterprise and efficiency the progress and good order of the college will largely depend. In a college it is desirable to make all instructors, even the youngest, members of the faculty, for though they seldom say much, they almost always vote on the progressive side of a question.

While appointments are legally in the hands of the trustees, and are made by them on the nomination of the president, yet the president will always consult closely related departments, and call an

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informal conference of all the permanent members of the faculty. While advice thus informally secured is not legally binding, it should always be given great weight, and, when practically unanimous, should usually be followed. In this way all the practical and social advantages of a pure democracy may be secured under forms which hold in reserve some valuable features of aristocracy, or even autocracy.

The election of trustees and overseers, or a portion of them, by the alumni is another important aid to democratic college government.

Participation in the government of the college by the undergraduates is in some respects desirable, but for the most part is undesirable. The so-called honor system (as if unsystematized honor could not be counted on) is said to work well in the South; but in Northern institutions, if we may trust students and recent graduates who know, rather than professors who do not know, it is a good deal of a farce. The senate, jury, or self-government system works better among women than among men. Young men are very reluctant to punish each other; and though you can induce them to do it by pressure from above, any system that puts punitive functions into student hands is bound to prove unsatisfactory. After twenty-five years of trial, in which it worked fairly well, at Bowdoin College, both faculty and students were glad to give it up, and put in its place a student council with purely advisory powers.

Finally, a college administration should have integrity. President Finley has composed a prayer for college presidents in which the chief petition is "to be delivered from the temptation to bear false witness in the catalogue." There are tricks in all trades; but opportunities for a kind of cheating which only experts can detect (and the guilty institutions do not invite expert inspection) beset the administration of anything in which the product is so intangible, diffused, and technical as a college education. A college whose requirements for admission fill as many and as formidable pages as any will petition a school principal to make out a more favorable certificate than his unstimulated honesty had prompted. One prominent principal told me that he could not write a remonstrance strong enough to keep an unqualified student out of a certain institution. Within the past two years a certain New England college asked a principal to recommend a student whom he had refused to recommend. The principal replied that he could not honestly recommend that man as thoroughly well prepared for college in a single subject; and on that letter the student was admitted.

For work in college courses there should be a reasonable standard, rigidly and automatically enforced. If a student fails, the whole half-year's work should count for nothing, like any other worthless thing. There should be no special "make-up" examination at the convenience of the student, the infinite inconvenience of the instructor, and the utter demoralization of all seriousness in college work.

Not that students should be crowded with work, as they are in the best technical and professional schools. Leisure well employed, or even apparently wasted, is part of the wise college programme. Five courses at a time should be the limit, and four are educationally better than five. But these courses should be thorough; and what is done superficially, inaccurately, erroneously, should be treated precisely as if it had never been done at all.

For the conduct and character of its students a college assumes a far more intimate responsibility than a university. Toward mere thoughtlessness and exuberance of animal spirits it will be infinitely lenient and long-suffering. But toward vice in its three dread forms, drunkenness, gambling, and licentiousness, it will exercise a severity unknown to universities in this or any other land. It will not ferret out evil by spies, nor cultivate the acquaintance of the scandalmongers of the town, nor encourage students to testify against each other, nor take unfair advantage of medical or quasi-medical information given in confidence. But though it fights fairly, it will fight these vices every chance it gets. When these evils come fairly and squarely to its attention, as when carried to excess they inevitably will, the college counts no cost too high, whether in removing students or

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alienating families and friends, to pay for keeping its moral atmosphere clean and wholesome. The close association of men in fraternities renders this duty more imperative than ever. It is doubtless true, as President Eliot observes, that unless youthful vice destroys bodily health, a young man of this sort usually recovers himself after a fashion, and makes a fairly decent citizen. But the college or the fraternity whom his influence and example corrupt does not recover. Severe, remorseless pruning, cruel as it will seem to the individual and to his family and friends, is the price a college must pay for not being infinitely more cruel to the hundreds of individuals, families, and friends who would inherit the standards of conduct and character which his tolerated continuance in college would involve.

High standards are far easier to maintain than low ones. When every known offense is occasion for severe discipline, and every persistent sinner is removed at the first opportunity, there is indeed difficulty and trouble enough. But it is as nothing compared to the difficulty encountered by an administration that attempts to ask how drunk the offender was, whether the stakes gambled for were high or low, whether the culprit is more or less dissolute than somebody else who is allowed to remain.

In translating the principles of university administration into college terms I have presented the subject under five heads: personality, juniority, liberty, democracy, and integrity. At bottom, however, they are all one—personality. For juniority is the period of personality's richest blossoming and fruitage; liberty is the only atmosphere that personality can breathe; democracy is simply recognition of personality in others as essential to its fulfillment in one's self; and integrity is nothing more or less than personality asserting at all costs the thing it stands for, carrying it to the bitter end, if the end must needs be bitter—to a consistent conclusion, be that conclusion what it may.

# SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

## THE TEMPLE: THE FEET

### BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.—Psalm xxiii. 4.

THE eye and the ear retain impressions which build the character; they make the man through the power of habit. The tongue communicates life, and is the organ by which the man directly exerts the influence of his character on others. The hands are the instruments of his will, to carry out in executive action what his impulses move and his choice determines him to do. The feet are the means of transportation, the symbol of his pilgrimage and his progress.

Life is a journey from the cradle to the grave. We start in infancy, travel through successive stages—childhood, youth, maturity, old age—and reach our journey's end at death. This journey is, or ought to be, a continuous ascent, sometimes through difficult steeps; this development is, or ought to be, a continuous growth, from seed to stalk, and stalk to bud, and bud to bloom, and bloom to fruit. The Psalmist has described it:

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies:
Who satisfieth thine old age[1] with good things;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

Paul has described it:

For whom he foreknew, he also foreordained to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among

[1] See C. A. Briggs's "Critical Commentary on the Psalms," Vol. II, p. 325.

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many brethren: and whom he foreordained, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified.

To the Psalmist the end of the journey is an old age filled with good, and radiant with hopes brighter than those of youth. To the Apostle the end of the growth is a character conformed to the image of God's Son, a character that makes the soul brother to Jesus Christ.

This pilgrimage should be a continuous progress; this growth should be a continuous development.

We are promised a divine fellowship in this pilgrimage; but this promise of divine fellowship is a conditional promise; it is conditioned on our going forward. The children of Israel came to the edge of the Red Sea; the water before them, a high cliff on the one side, the Egyptians in the rear and on their flank. Moses tells them, "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace;" but Jehovah answers, "Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." And the divine deliverance comes to them as they press forward into the waters of the sea which seem to block the way. Joshua brings Israel to the edge of the promised land. The walled cities are great; the inhabitants strong; Israel is afraid: How shall we inherit this land of giants, before whom we are in our sight and in theirs as grasshoppers? The answer of Jehovah is: "Only be thou strong and very courageous, to observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest have good success whithersoever thou goest."

The Psalmist meets single-handed a troop; retreat impossible, their arrows would pierce him even while he turned; escape through them impossible, for just beyond is a wall of rock. God does not desert him, nor does God disperse the troop, nor by a miracle batter down the wall. A single prayer, "God give me courage," then spurs to his horse. Before the Arab host have time to think he has dashed through their line, leaped the rock, and disappeared into safety. But when this Israelitish Putnam looks back, he describes his deliverance thus: "By thee I have run through a troop; by my God I have leaped over a wall." Paul, beset behind and before, misunderstood by his Christian brethren, hated by his Jewish fellow-citizens, despised by the Gentiles, unable to accomplish his designs, does not abandon his mission; when he can do nothing else he can still stand and receive attacks from which he cannot defend himself. And he makes his own experience minister to the needs of his fellow-Christians: "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." John writes out of his own experience when he writes to the Church at Pergamos: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written."

Sooner or later every pilgrim comes to the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Like Percivale, he is in a land of deep leaves and singing brooks and blossoming flowers and sweet fruits:

> "But even while I drank the brook, and ate
> The goodly apples, all these things at once
> Fell into dust, and I was left alone
> And thirsty, in a land of sand and thorns."

Like the Psalmist, the pilgrim rests in green pastures and is led beside the still waters; and then suddenly his path conducts him into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. All that seemed to make life worth living has gone out of life. His ambition, his hope, his love, lie dead at his feet. Sickness or accident takes him out of life and its glorious service, and he must lie passive, a burden to those whose burdens he meant to bear. A cruel injustice by a trusted friend and comrade robs him of his earnings and leaves him to begin his life anew, without health of youth to equip him and its hopes to cheer him. The work he undertook proves too great for his abilities, and the conviction that no one but himself is to blame for his failure adds the pangs of humiliation to the pains of disaster. Death knocks at his door, and, entering, takes from him the one whose companionship was the inspiration of his life, and leaves him in utter loneliness. No such tragedy occurs, and yet—and perhaps this is the greatest tragedy of all—all the glow goes out of his sky, all the hope out of his endeavor, all the courage

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out of his heart, all the joy out of his companionships, and he seems to himself, he cannot tell why, but the shadow of a man.

For such an hour is the promise of our text: If I *walk through* the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I shall find in it a divine companionship. There is no promise of guidance around the valley, nor of a bridge to cross the valley, nor of wings to fly over the valley; nor is there any promise of a consoling Presence to those who sit down in the valley to self-indulgent grief. The promise is only to him who keeps on with life's journey. And the promise is not of a handkerchief to wipe away his tears, nor of sunshine to dispel the darkness, nor of an anæsthetic to deaden the pain, but of a rod and a staff to enable him to go on with the journey.

There is no more strikingly dramatic illustration of this truth than that afforded by the passion of Jesus Christ. He foresees the Valley of the Shadow of Death toward which his path is leading him. One disciple will betray him; another will deny him, the rest will flee from him and leave him alone. The Nation which he could save if it would but take his counsel, will seal its own doom in pronouncing his. The Church which he wished to redeem and make the true House of God will remain a den of thieves. Greed will put on the robes of religion, and cowardice the robes of justice, and one will falsely accuse and the other sentence him to death. He prays that, if it be possible, this cup may pass from him. But, as he prays, the echoes of the approaching Temple police, marching across the intervening valley, convey to him his Father's answer to the prayer. It is not possible that the cup should pass if he is to do his appointed work. Calmly he comes to his sleeping disciples, arouses them with the words, "Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me," and goes forth to meet the arresting band. And in all the tragic experience of the dreadful night and day that follow he walks through the Valley of the Shadow of Death with untroubled spirit: before the eager Caiaphas, the self-inflamed mob, the perplexed Pilate, the frightened disciples, the callous soldiers, the weeping women of Jerusalem, the only calm, quiet, unperturbed spirit.

If, then, you come to a Valley of the Shadow of Death, to an experience in which hope and ambition and love lie dead at your feet, in which it seems as though life were no longer worth living, to a land in which you are left alone thirsty in a land of sand and thorns—whether this experience be due to your own fault, or to the fault of another, or to one of those great disasters into which sooner or later every pilgrim must enter, or to no explicable cause at all but to your own inexplicable mood, remember that the promise of divine companionship and comfort is conditioned upon your continuance of your journey. When thou *passeth through* the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou *walkest through* the fire, thou shalt not be burned. It is when I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death that I shall fear no evil and that I shall have his rod and his staff to help me continue the journey. If the time comes when it seems no longer worth while to bear the burden, or do the duty, or enter into the pleasures of the past—keep steadfastly on. If the pleasure no longer pleases, you may leave it. If the conventions of society require some abstinence from life as a token of respect to the dead, the respect may be paid. But lay aside no burden, discontinue no duty, abstain from no accustomed service of others. Comfort will be found, and only found, in keeping steadily, courageously, resolutely on with life. The way to light lies through the shadow; the way to life through death. Light and life will not come to you; by pressing forward you will come to them. When in your perplexity you are tempted, meet the temptation as Christian met it: "He began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half-way through the valley; he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger and that the danger of going back might be much more than to go forward; so he resolved to go on. Yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer; but when they were come almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, 'I will walk in the strength of the Lord God!' so they gave back and came no further."

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# OVER BEMERTON'S[1]

## BY EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

### CHAPTER XI

MR. BEMERTON'S FIRST BED BOOK BRINGS US INTO THE COMPANY OF QUAINT AND LEARNED GENTLEMEN

THE older I grow, the less, I find, do I want to read about anything but human beings. (The proper study of matured mankind is certainly man.) But human beings as human beings are not enough; they must, to interest me, have qualities of simplicity or candor or quaintness. A few such I have found in Mr. Bemerton's first highly commended bed book, the "Literary Anecdotes" of John Nichols, a series of volumes, very unpromising at first, and truly as dull as Mr. Lecky told my friend that a bed book should be, descriptive of the attainments of the principal contributors to The Gentleman's Magazine (best of periodicals) in the second half of the eighteenth century (a period when to be an antiquary and a gentleman was so easy), when that publication belonged to Bowyer, the printer.

For the most part these old dry-as-dust clergymen and scholars had little enough to recommend them to any one but Bowyer, who seems to have basked with equal satisfaction in the friendship of all; but when one looks deeper, one finds treasure.

Sir Hildebrand Jacob, for example, one does not soon forget. Sir Hildebrand was a bibliophile and a minor poet and dramatist, who died in 1790. "As a general scholar, he was exceeded by few; in his knowledge of the Hebrew language he scarcely had an equal. In the earlier part of his life, one custom which he constantly followed was very remarkable. As soon as the roads became pretty good and the fine weather began to set in, his man was ordered to pack up a few things in a portmanteau, and with these his master and himself set off, without knowing whither they were going. When it drew towards evening, they inquired at the first village they saw, whether the great man in it was a lover of books, and had a fine library. If the answer was in the negative, they went on farther; if in the affirmative, Sir Hildebrand sent his compliments, that he was come to see him; and there he used to stay till time or curiosity induced him to move elsewhere. In this manner Sir Hildebrand had very nearly passed through the greatest part of England without scarcely ever sleeping at an inn, unless where town or village did not afford one person civilized enough to be glad to see a gentleman and a scholar."

Sir Hildebrand reminds one a little of the Don, though lacking utterly in any suggestion of the pathos which so beautifully cloaks that sublime figure. To seek books comes, however, next to the search for adventures and wrongs to redress. A good author might found a very charming story on this literary knight-errant and his encounters with the rural collector. It is not the least loss brought to us by railways and motor cars that the problem of the lodging for the night is so easily solved to the exclusion of chance hospitality. One wants to know more of Sir Hildebrand—how he went to work to become a guest and what misconceptions he had to live down.

Another of Nichols's heroes is the Rev. William Budworth, the schoolmaster who so nearly engaged the young Samuel Johnson as an usher and who was the instructor of the learned Bishop Hurd, the friend of Warburton. Mr. Budworth, who taught the Free Grammar School at Brewood, was a precisian of the first water. He made no mistakes. "His person, which was rather above the middle height, was formed with the nicest symmetry; and he had, perhaps, as fine a presence as almost any man in the kingdom. His air, deportment, language, voice, in short, every word and every action, announced the accomplished gentleman. He had not the fine eagle eye of Condé, nor, askant, did it flash conviction and terror like Chatham's; there was nothing tremendous in his aspect; he never spoke like thunder,

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nor did he command with the pomp of a bashaw; but there was an irresistible and indescribable something, which always commanded respect, and forever inspired the beholders with awe; his look and his voice pierced to the very inmost soul."

I imagine that, which is the work not of Nichols but of a contributor, to be the perfect description of the perfect schoolmaster. One sees what a terror would such a man strike into the heart and knees of the young. It was a dull day for English readers (I think) when the description of the person was first considered unnecessary. We rarely get it now.

Among the anecdotes of Mr. Budworth (and I may say here that Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," in spite of its title, is poorer in anecdotes than almost any book I ever opened) is this, referring to a social and more or less unbending, if not convivial, evening at that model's house. Mr. Budworth, I should first say, was a vegetarian. "Among other topics of conversation, Mr. Martin took the freedom to ask Mr. Budworth what his sentiments were respecting the lawfulness or unlawfulness of eating blood. His reply was nearly in the following terms: 'I have read the authors on both sides of the question; those who wrote in favor of the prohibition had the greatest weight with me, and therefore I have always abstained from eating it.'"

Boswell, I suppose, made the record of this kind of conversation possible. I wish it had not gone out; but with hero-worship (of which it was a symptom) it has passed. We seem to have grown too critical for such hero-worship any more; the minor dictator, being no longer able to induce people to take him at his own valuation, has either become merely a grumbler or has diminished into a man and a brother.

Another possessor of the higher dignity—but a very different man from Mr. Budworth, although his contemporary—was John Baskerville (noble name!), the Birmingham printer of the Bible whose spacious page one occasionally and very joyfully observes on the lectern of such village churches as one has the luck to find open. Baskerville printed the Bible like an angel, but he did not esteem its matter. He was, in fact, a very determined agnostic, and in his last will and testament he provided for the persistence of his hostility to accepted dogma. John Baskerville is thus described by a friend of Nichols: "In regard to his private character, he was much of a humorist, idle in the extreme, but his invention was of the true Birmingham model, active. He could well design, but procured others to execute; wherever he found merit, he caressed it; he was remarkably polite to the stranger, fond of show, a figure rather of the smaller size, and delighted to adorn that figure with gold lace. Although constructed with the light timbers of a frigate, his movement was stately as a ship of the line."

From the printer we pass to a printer's friend—to Mr. James Elphinstone, the grammarian, the friend of Benjamin Franklin, and also of Johnson and Jortin. Mr. Elphinstone had a very agreeable gentle eccentricity. "The color of his suit of clothes was invariably, except when in mourning, what is called a drab; his coat was made in the fashion that reigned, when he returned from France, in the beginning of the last century, with flaps and buttons to the pockets and sleeves, without a cape; he always wore a powdered bag-wig, with a high toupée; and walked with a cocked hat and an amber-headed cane; his shoe-buckles had seldom been changed, and were always of the same size; and he never put on boots. It must be observed, however, that he lately, more than once, offered to make any change Mrs. Elphinstone might deem proper; but in her eyes his virtues and worth had so sanctified his appearance that she would have thought the alteration a sacrilege. Mr. Elphinstone's principal foibles originated, some in virtue itself, and others in the system he had early laid down for preserving the purity of the English tongue. As an instance of the former, when any ladies were present in company whose sleeves were at a distance from their elbows, or whose bosoms were at all exposed, he would fidget from place to place, look askance, with a slight convulsion of his left eye, and never rest till he approached some of them, and, pointing to their arms, say, 'Oh yes, indeed! it is very pretty, but it betrays more

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fashion than modesty!' or some similar phrase; after which he became very good-humored."

Another gentle humorist (in the old sense of the word, which is far better than the new) was Dr. John Taylor, Registrar of Cambridge University, editor of Demosthenes and Æschylus, and Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, who died in 1766. A friend sent to Sylvanus Urban an admirable account of this old scholar, containing a very pleasant picture of his patience with visitors—more than patience, his sweet cordiality. "You have mentioned that Dr. Taylor was too busy a man to be idle. This is too shining a particular in the Doctor's temper and abilities not to be a little more insisted upon. If you called on him in College after dinner, you were sure to find him sitting at an old oval walnut-tree table entirely covered with books, in which, as the common expression runs, he seemed to be buried; you began to make apologies for disturbing a person so well employed; but he immediately told you to advance, taking care to disturb as little as you could the books on the floor; and called out, 'John, John, bring pipes and glasses;' and then fell to procuring a small space for the bottle just to stand on, but which could hardly ever be done without shoving off an equal quantity of the furniture at the other end; and he instantly appeared as cheerful, good-humored, and *dégagé* as if he had not been at all engaged or interrupted. Suppose now you had stayed as long as you would, and been entertained by him most agreeably, you took your leave, and got half-way down the stairs; but, recollecting somewhat that you had more to say to him, you go in again; the bottle and glasses were gone, the books had expanded themselves so as to reoccupy the whole table, and he was just as much buried in them as when you first broke in on him. I never knew this convenient faculty to an equal degree in any other scholar."

It seems to me that Dr. John Taylor in his study would make a good picture for an artist of interiors.

But my favorites among Bowyer's friends are William Clarke, the Sussex parson, and Richard Gough, the antiquary of Enfield. Mr. Gough's particular line was topography, and, in addition to a work of his own on the topography of Great Britain, he translated and edited Camden's "Britannia." Having considerable wealth, he was able to employ illustrators to enrich his text very thoroughly, and when he died he left all his MSS. and drawings to the Bodleian, where they may be seen by the curious to-day. But the trait in the character of this amiable scholar which has most attracted me is his kindness to animals—more than kindness, for any one can feel that, but gratitude too, which found expression in the minute and thoughtful epitaphs which he wrote for the gravestones of his pets. Here is one upon Toby—perhaps a sparrow:

To immortalise the memory
of Merit and Innocence, which, having long since left the abodes of men, shine forth among brutes, and to perpetuate
the unhappiness of Favourites,
is this monument erected.

He who is here deposited was, like all the good, removed from future evils, though his character was such as might alone procure him esteem. His station was sufficient to protect him from those insults which his equals continually bear; and his greatest recommendation was to have been taught at home. He was no wise inferior to the fam'd favourite of Lesbia, though all his praise is confined to this; but he owed his death to a different cause, the sportive jealousy of another object of partiality having sent hither the unfortunate Toby.

Pretty, if heavy, pleasantry, is it not? Here follows an epitaph upon a cat:

After a life spent in the useful
purposes of peopling the world with
my own race, defending my
friends from intruding
animals, and entertaining them in my youth
with wanton tricks
here rest I
in peace,
the old TORTOISE-SHELL CAT.

Had I died in Egypt, an immortal sepulchre and religious veneration had remembered me to posterity: but now, such is the change of time, it is owing to Mr. Jarvis and a plate of lead that you hear any more of me, since compassionate man put an end to the calamities of life, which others of his species would have but augmented. As the Gods are said to have considered their faithful votaries by an easy death, the same reward have I obtained for my services; and thus have I closed a scene of great revolutions, though few of these affected me.

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So Priam, father of an endless race,
His happiness and honour, while his Troy
Remain'd and flourish'd, dropt into his tomb
By great Achilles' hand; and not a stone
Tells where the bones of Asia's Monarch rest.

Finally, let me quote what is perhaps the only inscription extant on the grave of a pheasant, a bird which most county gentlemen, even the kindest, first kill for sport and then honor in death in a totally different way. I am not blaming them: I wish only to point the contrast. Mr. Gough composed this epitaph on a pheasant that he had tamed:

Beneath
this humble but grateful monument rests all that remains of one who, after having amidst the changes and vicissitudes of this mortal life, preserved a heart as superior to them as his condition would admit, paid his debt to Nature, Oct. —, 1756

Many years ago he left his native air
to breathe in British Freedom;
and resigned his extensive territories in the East for less ample possessions, where his reception was more suitable to his merit.

Exalted above the ignoble crowd which surrounded him, he maintained that native dignity which became a consciousness of his superior excellence.

Endowed by nature with all the advantages of person, he despised the arts of dress.

The same easy temper which softened the solitude of celibacy heightened his relish of the married state; and the same benevolence which distinguished him in society would have taught him the just discharge of parental duties had the care of posterity demanded.

He never plumed his wings to lofty flights, nor sought the refinements of Art where Nature's bounty could be obtained.

As he lived superior to ambition or interest, he fell no sacrifice to party rage or political malice; but, after the long enjoyment of unsullied reputation, withdrew from the stage on which he had performed his part so well.

Blush not, whosoever thou art, that with the poring eye of P. Gemsege[1] or W. Toldervey[1] does decypher these letters, to receive instruction from the example of a
PHEASANT.

Only a man of singular thoughtfulness and sweetness of nature would thus go to the trouble of celebrating his pets.

[1] Two old and respectable correspondents of Mr. Urban (in The Gentleman's Magazine).

Modern poetry contains many such tributes, notably Matthew Arnold's poems on Geist and Max, and Matthias the canary; but little of Gough's tenderness and solicitude had come between his own day and that of the bereaved gentlemen of the Greek Anthology, how many centuries earlier. That is to say, in literature; but, in fact, I suppose, men have always loved their pets with equal depths. There is a dead partridge in the Greek Anthology:

No longer, poor partridge migrated from the rocks does thy woven house hold thee in its thin withies, nor under the sparkle of fresh-faced Dawn dost thou ruffle up the edges of thy basking wings; the cat bit off thy head, but the rest of thee I snatched away, and she did not fill her greedy jaw, and now may the earth cover thee not lightly but heavily, lest she drag out thy remains.

That pairs off with Mr. Gough's pheasant, and indeed may have given him his inspiration.

And here are two epitaphs on favorite dogs, also in Mr. Mackail's beautiful translation:

Here the stone says it holds the white dog from Melita, the most faithful guardian of Eumelus; Bull they called him while he was yet alive; but now his voice is prisoned in the silent pathways of the night.

And

Thou who passest on the path, if haply thou dost mark this monument, laugh not, I pray thee, though it is a dog's grave; tears fell for me, and the dust was heaped above me by a master's hands, who likewise engraved these words on my tomb.

Richard Gough of course knew these, and, as I say, he very probably took his inspiration from them; but the circumstance does not diminish the beauty of his own affectionate thoughtfulness in composing epitaphs of his own and having them cut in the stone.

Nichols, who, of course, after his quaint manner, buries all the human characteristics of his antiquarian and scholastic friends in the small type of the foot-notes, gives also a model address of a candidate to his constituents as prepared by Mr. Gough for a friend who thought to contest a seat. It is a brief but amusing document, obviously the work of a golden-hearted, pure-minded recluse, removed by nature and circumstances far from the turmoil of ambitious men. It runs thus:

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"I offer myself a Candidate to represent the County [or Borough] of ——, with a determined resolution neither to solicit, nor influence, the votes of the free electors. Superior to such influence myself, I cannot condescend to bribe or intimidate my countrymen. I stand forth, therefore, on no other ground than public virtue. If there is so much left in this place as to direct your choice to me, I shall be happy in calling it forth, whether I succeed in my election or not. I shall neither make nor authorize any other application than this. As I have no ends of my own to serve, I profess myself of no party; and resolved to follow the dictates of my own conscience, with respect to my duty to my Country, my Sovereign, and my Constituents."

When Mr. Gough himself came to die, his learned friend Dr. Sherwin said of him in The Gentleman's Magazine that "his cellar was as open to the necessities of afflicted industry as his noble library to the wants and wishes of literary men." A noble epitaph. Those great days have passed away. Gentlemen no longer have a Magazine, and many of them cut a fine enough figure without either library or cellar. Indeed, I am not sure that the tendency of the cellar to dwindle into a Tantalus is not the most lamentable sign of the times.

## CHAPTER XII

### THESPIS SENDS ME TWO REPRESENTATIVES ON THE SAME DAY AND MONOPOLIZES OUR ATTENTION

I was sitting in my room at half-past ten, wondering whether I should go to the Oval or to Lord's, when a brisk rap sounded at the door, it was flung open, and in burst a dazzling, rustling creature.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she said. "I have come to the wrong room. I thought this was Miss Lestrange's room."

I saw who it was in a flash—it was Azure Verity. I told her that Miss Lestrange dwelt in some remote region of this wonderful expanding house to which I had never penetrated, and that if she would wait a moment I would ring for Mrs. Duckie.

"Mrs. who?" she asked with an air of such perfect ingenuousness that I was caught at once.

"Duckie," I said, and then she laughed, and I no doubt blushed.

"Not really?" she inquired, laughing again.

"It is absurd, isn't it?" I said.

It has long been my theory that some of the best friendships are based upon a good initial *faux pas* or ridiculous misunderstanding. The freemasonry of laughter gets to work at once and does in an instant what it otherwise might take days or weeks to achieve.

"May I tell you," I asked, "who you are; and then we can introduce each other?"

"Certainly," she said.

"You are Miss Azure Verity, now acting with unparalleled success at the Princess's Theater in the part of the Countess, and you have come to see your dresser, who calls herself Miss Lestrange but is really Miss Duckie."

"Wonderful!" she cried. "You are a Zanzig. But," she added, "so am I. You know there are always two of them. Let me now do my turn."

I had long since decided that I would not ring the bell before it was really necessary.

"You are the gentleman," she said, "from abroad who has the beautiful niece, and reads old books all night, and talks to mother in the mornings about what London used to be like thirty years ago—the gentleman who promises to go to the theater to see Miss Verity but never gets nearer than a music hall. Am I right, sir?" she concluded, with an adorably mischievous smile.

"Quite right," I said. "We are very extraordinary people, it is clear, and we ought to succeed as duettists."

"Yes," she said, "Falconer and Verity—thought-readers and clairvoyants. That sounds all right."

"Verity is indeed an inspiration," I added. "It would make the fortune of a palmist."

"Oh," she said, "don't make any jokes about my name. I am so tired of them. Punch did it again only last week. Please ring for Mrs.—Mrs.—Duckie," she added, "but before I go I want you to promise me something. Promise me

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that if I send you a box you will not only come to the theater but bring your niece too. Will you promise?"

I promised, and, Mrs. Duckie appearing, the apparition disappeared.

Be-trice's illness brought me a second meeting with her illustrious brother, Alf Pinto. He looked in to see if she was well enough to be driven to Epping, and by his mother's wish came into my room.

I told him that I had heard him at the Frivoli, and he seemed to be as gratified as any other kind of artist would be. "But I've got a better song than any of those," he assured me, and forthwith sang it. I suppose that to be as assured as that is half-way towards the conquest of the world; but for my part I could as easily undress in a crowded drawing-room as sing an unaccompanied song. He fixed me with his bold, roguish eye throughout three long coarse verses and three inane choruses. And without any shame, too, but, indeed, how could he have shame? for there was none over: I had it all. I had no notion where to look until he had done.

"That's a clinker, isn't it?" he said, and his words once more convinced me how needlessly we can suffer for others, for they proved him utterly oblivious to any confusion or want of appreciation on my part.

I temporized. "With proper costume and a full band it ought to go very well," I said; and I suppose it would, for the thing was as ugly and tawdry as the people want. Another exposure of marriage. The awakening after the raptures of courtship to the disenchantment of wedded life: the horror of crying twins and a bad-tempered wife, and all the rest of it. The cruelty, the hateful ugliness, of this tireless delight in the ruin of the happiest of all human hopes!

"Why," I said, "do you always sing this kind of thing? Why is there no song about a happy marriage with some love and trust in it?"

"Where's the joke?" he asked.

"But surely," I said, "it could be made humorous or amusing enough. Surely there are families that have cheerfulness and gayety as well as quarrels and poverty and drink. Look at your own father and mother."

"Not worth singing about," he said. "No fun in it."

I suppose this is so. People go to the music halls to laugh at, not smile with. They want a target, and apparently they are so constituted that they never relate the experiences in the songs to their own lives. The shilling at the pay-box absolves them from thought, releases them from fact; they are in fairyland for the evening—or what stands for fairyland to them. Otherwise, how could any member of the audience face marriage or paternity at all?

The odd thing is that, taking music-hall laughter as the test, the logical outcome is that if in England marriage were either abolished or became uniformly successful, and if we returned to a state of nature and called a spade a spade, there would be no humor left. Jokes came in with wives and clothes.

"Well," I said, "I'm sorry if cheerfulness is so impracticable. It would be new, at any rate, and novelty is said to be a great thing."

"Not in songs," replied Alf. "They don't want anything new in songs except the tune. They've all got to be about the same things forever and ever."

But for all his ready-made cynicism and London brass, young Duckie is a decent fellow who seems to have character enough to be able to withstand the allurements of the bar. It is an odd way of making a living, but he works at it honestly and hard.

He receives sometimes, he tells me, as many as a dozen songs a day, none of them any good at all. "Do you mean all of them worse than the one you have just sung?" I said, rather unkindly.

But he saw no sting. "Yes," he said simply. "It is not so easy as it looks," he went on, "to sing even a good song; and to make a bad song, and they're mostly bad, go, wants hours of practice, not only alone but with the band. The difficult thing to get is movement all the time." (He meant what a more accomplished artist would call the rhythm.) "It's not only that you've got to have a voice, but you've to drive every word home too, and also keep it going."

This, I gather, is where the value of being unashamed comes in. The music-

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hall singer must be ashamed of nothing.

Our evening at the Frivoli to hear Alf had been, I suppose, a success, for we were all in good enough spirits; but, with exceptions so rare and far between as to constitute oases which only made the desert the more arid, the performance was dull and stupid. But we had one half-hour of the real thing when a little Scotchman swung on to the stage and sang three Scotch songs, with every line and every syllable telling. Curious songs, too, to come from that dour northern country, songs with an almost Oriental warmth in them, and an infectious and irresistible glee. I sounded Alf about this little rival. He had no jealousy; he recognized supremacy and honored it. "Oh, yes," he said, "Lauder—he's a genius. He can do what he likes. There's no need for him to sing the old stuff. But he's almost the only one. All the rest of us have got to give it to them. But," he added, "why do you bother about it, Mr. Falconer? Music-hall songs aren't written for you. Music-hall songs are written for the gallery and the pit, every one of them, and always will be."

"Well," I said, "that may be so, but I am interested none the less in improving them."

"Better leave it alone," he answered. "They're as good songs as the people deserve."

And perhaps he is right; but one's fingers get in the way of itching to alter so many things.

None the less I think that the music halls have improved since my young days. There are grimy-minded men still, but the *double entendre* is rarer than it was, and a measure of drollery has become important. Merely to roar out ugliness is not as sufficient as it used to be. The acrobatics, juggling, conjuring, and other exhibitions of skill are infinitely superior; so much so, indeed, that to see certain human gifts in perfection a visit to the music hall has become a necessity; while that curious modern extension of the illustrated newspaper—the cinematoscope—has also a real interest of its own, and takes the place of rubbish very satisfactorily.

Until this spring I had not been in an English music hall since January, 1875. We made a final round of them just before I sailed for the Argentine. Thirty-three years ago! There were not so many then, nor were those that we had under such intensely businesslike control. The singer when he had finished in those days would take his glass in the hall; no tearing off in a motor car to perform again elsewhere. It was now and then even possible to get an encore; there is no such thing to-day. Everything is now cut and dried, and each performer contrives to do as little as possible, and is supported by his Union in that praiseworthy ideal.

Alf was interested in hearing of the old easier system. "I'd often like to give encores," he said, "but there's no chance. It would throw out the whole time-table. But it's a loss the singer can feel quite as much as the audience—only they don't know it." I liked him for saying that.

My last music hall was, I remember, on a Monday night—I sailed on the Wednesday and spent the Tuesday night at home—and it was a very special occasion—the benefit of Sam Adams, the manager of the Royal, in Holborn. I have since been in the Royal as it is to-day—it is called the Holborn Empire—and how changed! Two performances nightly, and not a single thing the same except its site. Sam had a red, impetuous face and curly hair, and a shirt-front that, one felt, would cover the Oval.

I asked Alf Pinto about him, and found that his name was not even known; but Trist tells me he is dead, and his own hall—the Trocadero, or Troc, as it was called by the bloods—has disappeared too, and is now a restaurant. Poor Sam! It is odd what flashes of insight one has. I remember thinking that night, in the midst of his triumph and all the jolly good-fellowship that sweltered round him, that he did not look as if marked out for happiness or longevity.

I cannot remember much of the evening, but George Leybourne was there with two or three slap-up songs, and Lieutenant Cole, the ventriloquist, and Sam Redfern, a burnt-cork cynic, and Henri Clark, a comic singer, and an extraordinary couple named Ryley and Marie Barnum, who called themselves (to the total exclusion of George Fox) "the Original Quakers," the adjective made necessary, I imagine,

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by too successful imitation of their discreet yet mischievous caperings. Trist tells me that of these entertainers Leybourne is dead (to think that death should come also to Champagne Charley!), Henri Clare has passed from the scenes of his triumphs, and Sam Redfern was recently in the bankruptcy court through inability to make a chicken farm pay. Well, well!

But if I can see no more of the performances of these variety stars, there are two or three actors still performing whom I saw that month during my farewell round of gayety. Lionel Brough, who was then with Willie Edouin and Lydia Thompson in "Blue Beard" at the Globe, is still playing, and Wyndham, who was in Brighton at the Royal Court, is active almost as ever; but James Thorne, whom I laughed at in "Our Boys" at the Vaudeville, Irving, who was in "Hamlet" at the Lyceum, Buckstone and Sothern in "Our American Cousin" at the Haymarket—where are they?

We went to the Princess's—to the Royal Box, if you please—to see Miss Verity; Naomi and I, Lionel, and Dollie Heathcote with the very latest shirt and a dress suit watch no thicker than half a crown. Serious plays are, as a rule, not much in either Dollie's or Lionel's way. The play was the usual thing. I wish there could be a close time for dramas about the seventh commandment; I wish that for a while all playwrights were forced to seek the domestic difficulties, of which there must be many as full of sufficiently dramatic possibilities as this dreary formula of the *tertium quid;* but at present we are as much under its sway as the French nation are under that of their single joke. There are a thousand problems of daily life within the experience of every one that have as much drama in them as is needed. One would think that all England had nothing to do but break the seventh commandment; whereas those of us who do so are in a minute minority, and are not the especially interesting persons. Is there no material for drama in the lives of husbands who do not tire of their wives and wives who do not tire of their husbands—the most enviable people of all, when all is said?

Both Dollie and Lionel, as I say, would rather have been at a musical comedy, but they had a very real desire to meet the famous Azure, and the evening promised an opportunity. Naomi was very happy to be at the play and to wear a new dress, neither event being too common with her; and as for me, I did not much mind, for once, although had I been alone I should probably have faltered at the theater portico. I have too many points in common with Wang-Hiu-Chih, one of the illustrious persons in my Chinese book, and the occupier of a high place on the roll of honor of the diffident. "On one occasion," it is recorded, "he went in the snow to visit a friend named Tai-Ta-K'uei; but on reaching the door he turned round and went home again. Being asked the explanation of this behavior, he replied, 'I started full of spirits; when they were exhausted, I came back.'" So it is very often with me; I start out full of spirits, and when they are exhausted I come back. Probably there are no persons in London at this moment who in the past few months have seen so many first acts, and first acts only, as I have. It needs a very engaging dramatist or very acceptable performers to make me forget the allurements of the word Exit.

But on the present occasion I was on duty and in perfect order. At the end of the second act a servant came summoning us to Miss Verity's dressing-room. Naomi would not go, try as I would to make her, but Dollie and Lionel hurried off with no attempts to conceal their pleasure. In a very few moments, however, they were back again, and Miss Verity with them—a rustle of femininity at high pressure. "If you don't come to see me, I must come to see you," she said very winningly to Naomi; and she sat down at the back of the box, well out of view, and talked away gayly and extremely well. Why she so wanted to make an impression on this quiet girl I did not understand; but I will venture the opinion that she had never worked harder to ingratiate herself with a man.

The *entr'acte* was not long, but long enough for her to wring from Naomi her consent to come to tea.

"You are very rude," she said to me as a parting shot. "You have never said how you like me in the play."

How I wish I was a better liar; or, in

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other words, less of an intellectual snob. I did not like her in the play, and I did not like the play. The simple, natural thing under such conditions was to say, "You are absolutely delightful," but, having a paltry vanity as to preserving pure one's twopenny-halfpenny critical sense, I said nothing, and instead was just awkward and offensive.

"Never mind, Mr. Falconer," said Azure, who divines swiftly, "don't say anything. Keep that conscience intact whatever happens."

And so saying, she was gone, with Lionel and Dollie in attendance. Such is the vitality of her personality that it seemed for the moment as if she had taken all the air with her and we languished in a vacuum. But only for a moment or so.

"She is very attractive," said Naomi, with a little sigh. "It must be nice to have such power and be so popular."

I took her hand and stroked it.

Dollie and Lionel here came back, crushed their hats against their bosoms, and sat down.

"She's a ripper," said Lionel. "She's coming to see me play against Somerset to-morrow."

"Jolly awkward if you make a blob," said Dollie. "I've got her autograph."

"Where? I should like to see it," said Naomi.

"Here," he said, "on my shirt-front. That means fifteen and six, for, of course, I sha'n't wear the shirt again. I shall have it framed. Isn't it jolly handwriting, don't you think?"

(To be continued)

# CARIBBEAN SKETCHES

## BY ALBERT EDWARDS

### THIRD PAPER

## THE WHITE MAN'S ISLAND

BARBADOS is not very impressive from the sea. It is a coral island and flat. But the open harbor of Carlisle Bay is the busiest port in the West Indies. Anchored in between the great seagoing steamers is a host of small fishing-boats. One of the first things you notice as your ship comes to anchor—one of the things which distinguish Barbados from the other islands—is the number of trim police-boats which dart about the harbor, bringing order out of the maze of traffic much as a London "bobby" controls things n the Strand.

In the first quarter of the seventeenth century a ship, bearing English colonists to a neighboring island, cast anchor off Barbados. A landing party went ashore, and, finding it a rich country, carved into the bark of a mango tree: "James, King of England and this island." Since then the sovereignty of Great Britain has been continuous. And Barbados stands in striking contrast to the other islands, which have changed their flags almost as frequently as the neighboring Latin-American republics have changed their Presidents.

The police-boats in the harbor are only a foretaste of the orderliness which meets you ashore. The fruits of the three-hundred-year English rule are apparent everywhere. So impressive was the law-abiding air of the place that one of the first things I did was to drive out to the center of all this order—the police headquarters.

Starting from the miniature Trafalgar Square in the miniature metropolis of Bridgetown, the carriage passed along the most beautiful, the most superbly kept road I have ever seen. It is of coral rock, which disintegrates in the air till it looks like cement and is almost as soft as turf. On each side are low white walls, over which hang the gorgeous blossoms of the tropics—the brilliant red hibiscus, a deep purple trailer-like wistaria, and an

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occasional flambeau tree. Towering above you all along the way are the most magnificent of all trees—the royal palms, lofty Doric columns of living marble, crowned with superb capitals of agate green. And back of the flowering gardens, under these graceful giant palms, are neat, prosperous-looking English homes. Their wide bungalow verandas give an impression of cool, care-free, almost lazy ease.

Then, abruptly, come the suburbs of negro slums, cabins of palm-thatch, old boards, and scraps of corrugated iron. The shacks are so crowded together, the alleyways so choked with children, that it makes an ordinary ant-hill seem sparsely settled. It is appalling. In our city slums more than half the misery and indecency of overcrowding is hidden by substantial walls. Here it is all open to the eye—and unspeakably ugly.

It is a vast relief when the road comes to open country. The white garden walls of the English, the squalid hovels of the blacks, give place to the dense golden-green cane-brakes. On every hillock there is a fat, stolid Dutch windmill, which looks weirdly out of place among the cocoa palms. Here and there you see a blotch of darker green—the park which surrounds some manor house.

After half an hour's drive we came to such a park, and, turning in through the gateway, found a charming, well-kept garden. The carriage stopped before a low but spacious bungalow. There was nothing to show that it was not a private home except for the sentry before the door.

In a reception-room upstairs filled with military pictures and portraits of the royal family I found Colonel Kaye, the Inspector-General. He is so gracious that he seems more at home on the veranda of the Savanah Club than at Headquarters. But this mild-mannered gentleman is police chief over a population of nearly 200,000, only 16,000 of whom are white. There are 166 square miles in the island; it is the most densely populated agricultural district in the world.

"However, there is not much crime," Colonel Kaye remarked. And, to prove his statement, he showed me the calendar of the Supreme Court, which was about to convene. "There are only fifteen cases of felony this term. The court sits every four months. Say an average of fifty serious crimes a year."

He said this in a matter-of-fact way, with no show of pride. But I doubt if there is any community of 200,000 in America which could make so good a showing. There are no regular troops in Barbados. A handful of white men rule 175,000 negroes and keep the rate of felonies down to fifty a year!

"The crime which gives us most trouble," continued the Colonel, "is setting fire to the sugar-cane. This offense comes from three sources: Sometimes the boys do it—just to see the blaze. Sometimes a man who has been discharged does it for revenge. But generally it is in order to get work. When the cane has been scorched, it has to be milled at once."

And this points to an added wonder. The mass of the negroes are deathly poor. During the few months of harvest and planting an able-bodied man on the sugar estates earns twenty cents a day. But during the long winter months some become so utterly destitute that they put a torch to the cane—and risk ten years of penal servitude—to hasten the harvest and their chance at twenty cents a day. Yet in spite of such poverty there are only fifty serious crimes a year.

Colonel Kaye, like all the Englishmen I met on the island, was convinced that the quiet and order in Barbados is due to the limited suffrage. The right to vote depends on the ownership of considerable property. This qualification eliminates many of the poorer whites, the descendants of the indentured servants, and almost all the negroes.

The race domination is frankly acknowledged. The island has always been and still is run for the whites—"the better-class whites." The abolition of slavery in 1834 did not alter this in the least. Accepting this premise, the island is well run, very well run. It is a heavenly place to live for the white man who can ignore the frightful misery of the negroes. And there can be no doubt that the English residents succeed in shutting their eyes to everything which is unpleasant or threatening. They get more pleasure out of existence than any people with whom I

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have ever mingled. It is an energetic, gay life of outdoor sports, cold baths, picnics and balls, afternoon tea, and iced drinks.

The social life centers in the parish of Hastings, two miles down the coast from Bridgetown. The beautiful parade of the deserted barracks has been turned into a playground. The Savanah Club, on a polo day, realizes the English ideal of gayety. The wide, shaded verandas are crowded with fair-complexioned English girls in lawn dresses—just such as are to be seen at a Henley boat race or the Derby. Clean-limbed, clear-skinned Englishmen, in flannels, stroll about between the tea-tables trying to be sentimental without looking so. Inside is a card-room where "bridge" is being taken seriously. The inveterate golfers are off early, as their course crosses the polo field. Tennis is in full swing on half a dozen excellent courts. The gray-heads and children are busy on the croquet grounds. The polo ponies are being rubbed and saddled. At last the Governor and his American wife drive up in their trap. The police band begins to play, and the game begins. The scene recalls some of Kipling's stories of the "hill life" at Simla.

A quarter of a mile farther down the coast is the great Marine Hotel, the largest and by far the best hotel I found in the West Indies. It is the scene of the big island dances, and is almost as important to the social life of the place as the Club. In its lobbies you meet Britishers from South America and the islands waiting for the Royal Mail boat home. They are a sturdy, adventurous people. But it is an aggravating fact that they will not tell the stories—such fascinating stories they might be—with which their frontier life has been filled. The taciturnity of a Londoner never troubles my spirit—how could a dweller in the dismal city have anything interesting to say? But when I meet a Britisher fresh from the jungle, tanned and scarred, who refuses to talk about anything but the new Dreadnoughts, I grind my teeth and curse the law against manslaughter.

It is not quite all gayety in Barbados. Sometimes—not often—I heard complaints about the steady fall in the price of sugar. As this is the one industry of the island, and the price has been falling for many years, it is a serious problem to the thoughtful. But I found very few who were willing to do so gloomy a thing as think about the future. One of the most popular social functions of the island is furnished by the auction sales. I was invited to a tennis party one afternoon, and when I arrived I found the plans were changed.

"The Broughton auction sale is set for to-day, so we decided to go over and see it instead of playing tennis," my hostess said.

We all piled into carriages, and, after a beautiful ride into the interior, we turned through an old gateway, past an Elizabethan lodge built of coral stone, into a century-old park. Up the drive I could see an old manor house, which, if it were not for the palms and the flaming hibiscus, might well have been in Surrey or Kent. There was a crowd of carriages about the door; the stable court was full of them. The porch was dense with well-dressed people, as though it were some grand reception.

"All the best people come to the auctions," my hostess said. "Even the Governor comes sometimes."

As we drove up there was a clamor of merry greetings, for in Barbados everybody who is anybody knows everybody else who is anybody. We pushed our way through the crowd into the dismantled house. The rooms were splendidly large, decorated after the noble old English fashion; the woodwork—some of it finely carved—was almost all mahogany. But the carpets were up, the furniture ranged stiffly along the wall, everything movable was numbered. The sale was in progress in the dining-room. The great mahogany table was loaded down with plate and glassware and porcelain. It was being sold in blocks at a pitifully low price. And there was the finest mahogany sideboard I have ever seen. It was simple in its craftsmanship; almost all the lines were straight; but it was marvelously heavy, built in the old days when the precious wood was as cheap in the islands as pine. It had been in the family over a century. And it sold for forty dollars! Such a piece could not be bought on

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Fifth Avenue for five hundred. I was tempted to bid—it was such a rare old treasure—but I never hope to have a house big enough to hold it.

My party had not come to buy—it was only a social reunion. Most of the island aristocracy was there, and every one enjoyed himself immensely. Out in the corridor I noticed a lonely group of furniture labeled "Not for sale." There were a tall hall-clock of ancient make, a high-backed rocking-chair, and two family portraits.

"Isn't it a shame!" I heard some one say. "I would like to buy that clock."

It seemed cruel to want to take even these few relics. I wondered what last leaf of this fine old family of Broughtons had saved these tokens out of the wreck. The old high-back chair—how many generations of happy mothers had rocked their babies to sleep in it! And now the youngest of the line cannot find heart to part with it. Some old maid she is, I imagine. She will rock away what is left of her life in that high-back chair in some strange, dismal room, with only the ticking of the ancient clock and the two old portraits for company. And the laughter which came echoing down the dismantled halls seemed to me as horrid as the merrymaking at a Flemish funeral.

For none of the fine hospitable Barbadian houses can escape a similar fate unless the price of sugar goes up and the negroes begin to bear fewer children. And neither of these things seems probable.

But the climate is delicious. Each day, as it passes, is perfect. The trade winds, blowing unobstructed from the coast of Africa, bring a stimulating vigor to the air which is unknown elsewhere in the tropics. It would be hard to imagine a more healthy place. While I was there the island was quarantined for yellow fever. There had been six cases among the two hundred thousand people. None of them died, and the one effect of the quarantine was a vigorous polishing of sewer-pipes. As every one familiar with the tropics knows, a port under quarantine is clean, even if at other times it is unspeakably dirty, for quarantine hurts business and makes the sanitary officials wake up. But Barbados, being English, is always clean. So the outbreak, while I was there, had no visible effect.

Anyhow, it is a lotus island. Nobody worries. It is so delicious to sit on a shaded veranda and hear the clink of ice that even the residents forget the misery of the negroes and the steady fall of sugar. So there is no excuse for a mere visitor not to find the place charming.

# PUBLIC OPINION

**THE LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT**

As a regular reader of The Outlook for many years, and also as a landscape architect who has had the good fortune to receive at least a portion of his training under Mr. Olmsted, I want to thank you for the article "Landscape Gardening," in your issue of July 24. The manner in which you have taken up and presented the subject cannot but be most helpful, not only to the prospective home-builder, but to the profession as well.

Those of us who are engaged in the practice of this profession should especially be glad to have its fundamental principles so clearly and interestingly stated, and the point that you make clear—that "the untrained individual has no more right to attempt to solve the problems of planting a place than he has to attempt to practice medicine without training for his diploma"—is a good one.

In the interest of what I believe should really be called the profession of Landscape Architecture, however, may I be allowed to take issue with the statement that "the term Landscape Architecture has been employed primarily in an effort to give it [the profession] a sort of dignity in the popular mind." I am quite sure that no such thought entered the mind of the elder Olmsted, who really created the term, and, as a matter of fact, the profession in this country. I am well aware that calling a man or a woman a landscape architect instead of a landscape gardener is by some considered a fad, and that the term fills one's mind "with images of quarries, stone-cutters, creaking derricks, tapping trowels, and the like, instead of with pictures of freehand dealings with sunshine and

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shadow, trees, flowering shrubs, and leaping fountains."

Frederick Law Olmsted, the elder, called himself a landscape architect away back in 1856, when he first entered upon the work of developing Central Park, in New York City; and the fact that he did so, and continued to so designate himself during the whole of his career, has had much to do with the general adoption of the term.

Fifty years ago, when Mr. Olmsted began this landscape work, there was beginning to be a demand in this country for men to do a certain line of work that was intrinsically quite different from that previously carried on by either the architect, the engineer, or the gardener, and yet work that embodied some of the principles heretofore utilized by all of these men. Here was this great tract of land, now known as Central Park, to be developed and made beautiful for the purpose of providing the crowded millions of the great city of the future with the opportunity "for a form of recreation to be obtained only through the influence of pleasing natural scenery upon the sensibilities of those quietly contemplating it." This was a new problem for this country, and indeed for any country, for none of the great parks in Europe now utilized for this purpose were originally created for anything of this sort. They are chiefly the result of developing land that had originally been set aside as hunting forests by the great nobles or rulers of Europe. Mr. Olmsted saw clearly the greatness of the task and the differentiation of this form of design from that of the architect or engineer, and certainly from the work of the gardener. He chose to call himself a landscape architect. Let us, therefore, look into the meaning of these words, and see whether they are not well selected and worthy of our respect and of more general adoption.

That most delightful and interesting writer, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, says of landscape: "We use the word in two senses—a general and a particular. In the general sense the word 'landscape,' without the article, means the visible material world—all that can be seen on the surface of the earth by a man who is himself upon the surface; and in the special sense 'a landscape' means a piece of the earth's surface that can be seen at once, and it is always understood that this piece will have a certain artistic unity or suggestion of unity in itself;" and, further, he adds, "Although the word refers to the natural land, it does not exclude any human works that are upon the land." The word is derived from two good Anglo-Saxon parts, "land" and the suffix "scape," corresponding to "skip" or "ship," as in the word "friendship," meaning "the state or condition of being." Landscape, then, means "the state or condition of being land." When we come to add the word architecture, however, the connotation conveys to many people a wrong impression, but it should not, for in its early and primitive meaning the word architect meant simply and solely "chief workman" or "master artisan." It is well, I believe, for us to recall this earlier meaning of the word at the present time.

It is quite largely the architect himself who is responsible for any wrong impression that may have developed in the use of the term landscape architect, as many have assumed that, because the word architect is used at all, the term landscape architect means simply an architect who meddles a bit with the landscape immediately surrounding his buildings. Many architects have done this, with regrettable results both to the client and to the profession of landscape architecture.

What Mr. Olmsted meant when he termed himself a landscape architect was that he was aiming to be a master artisan in matters pertaining to land, having regard both to the beauty of its appearance and to its use. In a very real sense such work covers agriculture, forestry, gardening, engineering, and the elements of architecture.

Perhaps Miss Brown's reasons for preferring to be called a landscape gardener are due to the fact that her work, which I know to have been beautifully done, has been largely upon gardens, engirt places, not upon park and boulevard systems, or the revision of city plans, the grouping of public buildings, and so on; and I would not be misunderstood as attempting to maintain that she or any other woman, if properly trained, could not do all this. It is not my purpose to minimize or restrict the sphere of work of woman in this profession; rather, to make clear the reasons for maintaining the broader term, landscape architecture. It is a broader term, and includes what may very properly be termed landscape gardening, which is the designing and planting of small estates, gardens, engirt places, and the like.

I believe it may be said, without serious objection from the controversially inclined, that landscape gardening may be considered to bear some such relation to the broader field of landscape architecture that interior decoration does to architecture. The landscape architect may be called upon to do both, just as the architect frequently is; but in these days of specialization, unless one is possessed of rare genius, it becomes necessary to concentrate one's endeavors upon

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the particular things to be done, and the best results are obtained when the owner or client has secured for his purpose the advice of the person best fitted to do it.

I want to add a word on the matter of preparation for such work. Miss Brown has answered pretty thoroughly the question, "What kind of education is necessary to fit such a person to be a landscape architect?" What she did not say (and perhaps it was not within the scope of The Outlook's investigation to have her say) was, "Where can such a person get this training?" It has been necessary to await an opportunity to get into some landscape architect's office for this purpose; and while this is good, the possibilities of doing so are certainly limited, and can be enhanced by previous training. This can now be obtained on the part of young men perhaps best at Harvard University, under Professors Olmsted and Pray, although Cornell, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and perhaps other institutions offer options in these lines. Young women are not allowed at these schools, however, and the only place in this country to-day where they can obtain such training is at the Lowthorpe School of Landscape Architecture and Gardening for women at Groton, Massachusetts, founded by Mrs. Edward Gilchrist Low. This school, as I know from personal experience, is doing excellent work. It is beautifully situated, well equipped, and the courses are intelligently adapted to the work to be done in fitting young women for this specialty. Its graduates are now beginning to do good work in such widely scattered locations as Providence, Rhode Island, and Portland, Oregon. Like almost all other good and growing educational institutions, it is struggling against the handicap of insufficient endowment, a handicap which the philanthropically inclined men and women of wealth in this country should not long permit.

It gives me great pleasure to commend this Lowthorpe School, and I would add that its work was described in an illustrated article in the June number of The House Beautiful. Mrs. Low, I am sure, would be very glad to answer any further inquiries which any person interested would care to make. STEPHEN CHILD.

**ANOTHER INSTITUTE MEMBER**

In a recent number of The Outlook I noticed a statement that the late Professor Simon Newcomb was the only American chosen as a member of the Institute Française since Benjamin Franklin. I think that my friend the Hon. David A. Wells, whose fame, like his fortune and magnificent collection of bibliographia and curios, has been scattered to the four winds since his decease, held the chair vacated by John Stuart Mill at his demise, and that, in addition to this honor, there was conferred upon him a gold medal as a token of his ability of research in the "dismal science" of political economy. It is piteous that he might not have survived to have witnessed the various wrigglings and gyrations necessary to the production of the present Aldrich Tariff Bill. S. H. THRESHER.

Norwich, Connecticut.

**ORIENTAL NATIONALISM**

The Outlook was, besides one daily paper, the only publication to notice (without, however, discussing it) a rather unusual gathering which took place in New York City on July 24. A banquet was given by the Committee of Union and Progress to solemnize the first anniversary of the granting of a Constitution to Turkey and the fall of the absolutist system of monarchy.

At first glance the assemblage was decidedly cosmopolitan; speeches were delivered in Turkish, in Armenian, in Greek, in Arabic, in Syrian, in Jewish, in Persian, in French by the Secretary of the Turkish Legation, and in English by the Persian Consul-General. The blessings of Jesus, Moses, and Mohammed were asked for in turn by patriarchs, rabbis, and others, and to the prayers the guests gave indiscriminately the response Amen or Insh Allah. But the keynote of the various addresses was a (to us little known) feeling of Oriental nationalism which is deserving of more than passing attention. The tyrant of Yildiz Kiosk had cunningly divided his slaves in order to rule more easily over them. The old order changeth, and revolutionary enthusiasm has aroused among the various races grouped under the Star and Crescent a strong feeling of unity of interest and community of destiny.

Whoever had the privilege of hearing the ten or twelve speakers who arose on that memorable evening went away with the distinct impression that the "Near East" would no longer be the mere pawn on the political chessboard of Europe to which sluggish sultanism of the Hamidian type had reduced the Ottoman group. And to those who are not apt to discriminate between a government and the individuals it holds in temporary thraldom and bondage I would commend the fiery and inspired eyes and delivery, the physical charm, and the general appearance of prosperous aggressiveness of the two hundred or so representatives of "effete Eastern races" who gathered around the festive board on that July evening to

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look over the accounts of the first year of Turkish freedom. ANDRÉ TRIDON.
New York City.

ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC OPINION

When journals of National reputation, such as The Outlook, begin to present to the public in clear and forcible statements the real causes leading up to labor troubles, I see signs of a new and better era in industrial life. That capitalists have been charged with much wrong which could not justly be laid at their doors few will deny. That those who must depend on the daily wage for every morsel of food have also been grossly wronged we are just beginning to learn.

The rapid industrial development of our country has been due to the fact that men have had the ability to organize and have learned how to make money earn money. Men who have such ability and do not use it are wronging their fellow-men. On the other hand, men who have such ability and abuse it are just as truly, and in greater measure, wronging their fellow-men.

The laboring men of our country are, as a rule, fair in their dealings. They do not ask that they shall receive more than they have justly earned. They do not want charity. Even in the stress of hard times the real laboring class is slow to ask for assistance. True, there are paupers who will not work even if there be work in abundance at good wages; but the men who really work for a living do not want charity. All they ask is that they may have honest work at honest pay. The men at the Pressed Steel Car plant, from their own signed statement, are simply asking for fair dealing. They have asked for arbitration. They are willing to abide by the decision of disinterested parties. Could anything be fairer? Evidently the company is wrong or it would be glad to have an investigation and have the trouble settled.

I have great confidence in the general verdict of the American people when they are informed. In the past I believe that many times they have been only partly informed, or else really misinformed; that newspapers have largely favored moneyed interests. With facts before the public, such as the quotations from the President of the Pressed Steel Car Company, as given in The Outlook of July 31, whether these facts favor labor or capital, public sentiment is going to be so aroused and expressed that wrongs are bound to be righted. Either labor or capital may unjustly triumph through technicalities of the law, but against an enlightened public neither the force of organized numbers and physical strength nor the force of wealth and educated craftiness can stand. All praise to all publications which seek not only to comment on labor conditions, but to find and present to the public the causes for those conditions. G. A. RIGGS.
Kent, New York.

THE FAST SET AT COLLEGE

The article entitled "Shall We Send Them to College?" by Dr. Lyman Abbott, in The Outlook of July 24, has aroused my interest, and, as a member in my day of the "fast set" of a New England university (a set of which he admits his knowledge is indirect), I would like to add a word of advice to hesitating parents

The "fast set" in college is made up largely of boys similar to the son you are about sending forth. You will find that the majority of collegians who have succumbed to the temptations of drink, cards, and loose living are of good stock and have had every advantage and refinement in their upbringing and home life. They are not vicious—the vicious collegian exists, as the exotic exists everywhere, but he is not the rule. These unfortunate fellows may be weak, but not necessarily so; they were sent forth unprepared to face life. They succumbed to the unsettling effect of a too sudden freedom. The fault is not in the college—it is in the home.

If you fear your son may be enticed by vice, don't weigh the pros and cons of college influences until after you have questioned the equipment that you yourself have given him. If he is used to being away from home, if he has been accustomed to the company of boys of his own age and instincts, if you have brought him up without prudishness, to understand life as it is, and not as you wished he might find it—in a word, if he is prepared for his freedom, no college influence in the world can harm him, and every college influence will do him good. I have seen case after case where a man has "gone to the bad" through no fault of his own and no fault of the college—the failure pointing directly to the parent, who guarded his son so carefully at home that the boy's very ignorance of life proved his undoing. It is the home, and not the college, that makes a "fast set" possible.

As to his religion, if your son is prepared for his freedom, if he has a normal moral underpinning, his religion, however it may change in college, will change only for character-building in its finer form.

So much I have observed from experience, and I often wish I could have been less observant. ALUMNUS.

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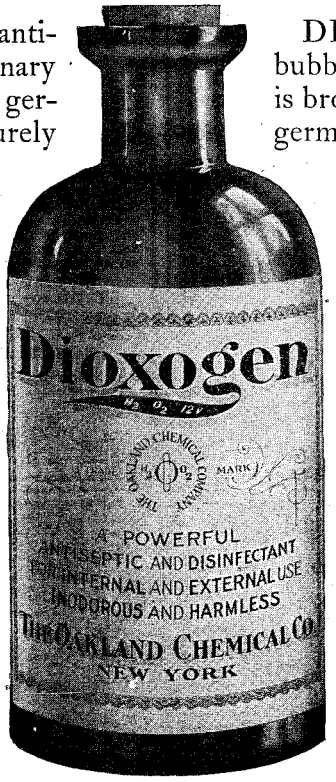


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The Aurophone is practically **invisible.** It is extremely **Simple,** being a powerful miniature telephone which magnifies sound waves a hundred fold, and in many instances

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with the SCOURING RUSH,*
Her kitchen utensils would
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## Perfection Automatic Razor Strop

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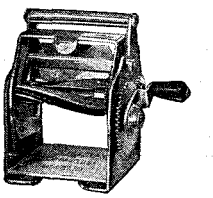

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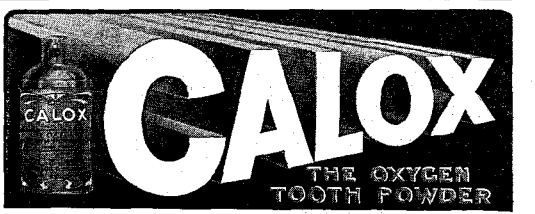


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Interlaken Inn, Lakeville, Conn. Two hours from New York; between two lakes; service first class; accommodation for automobile parties; rooms in cottages. Address Manager.

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**CASTINE, MAINE**

Among the balsam firs on the cliffs of Penobscot Bay. Country Club sports. Fine sailing. 9th season opens June 23. Illustrated booklets.

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Most beautiful and restful in September. Modern conveniences. Rates low. Booklet.

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Close to beach. Good rooms and table. Good bathing, boating and fishing. Fine ocean views. Moderate prices. **J. T. Theodore.**

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**Homelike Hotel for Ladies Unescorted**

Every room has a private bath with shower—long distance 'phone—two large closets, for **$2** per day.

**Room with private bath, meals for one, $3.00 day**
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A most attractive all the year around resort in the Blue Ridge Mountains; all modern improvements; steam heat; private baths; swimming pool; billiard and pool rooms; tennis courts; tenpin alleys; a beautiful lake, with boating and fishing. Saddle and driving horses. Excellent cuisine and service. Apply to C. H. PAXTON, Mgr.

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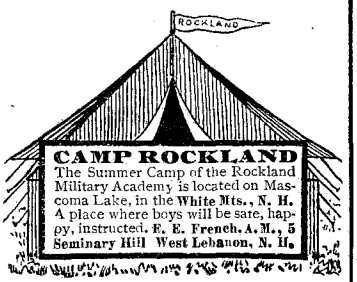
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CAMP ROCKLAND
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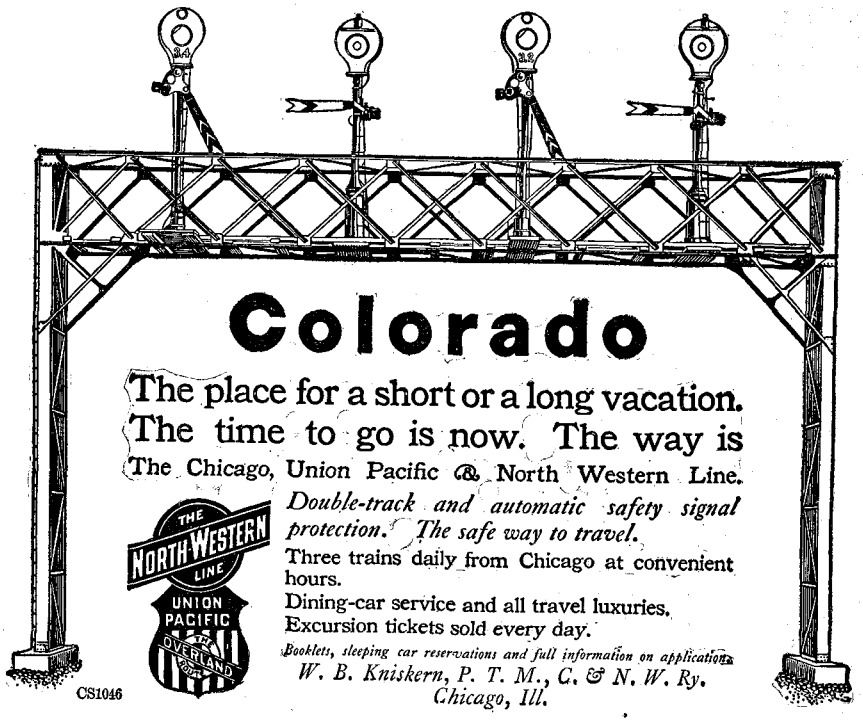
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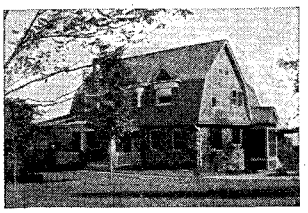

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## SITUATIONS WANTED

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WANTED, position as traveling companion by young lady; speaks French and German, experienced in traveling. Best of references given. 2,182, Outlook.

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WANTED—October 1st or later, by capable experienced woman, position as matron in children's home or day nursery. Best references. 2,188, Outlook.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

### Companions and Domestic Helpers

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